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619 South Spring Street

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ARLINGTON HOTEL
SANTA BARBARA

An absolutely fireproof hotel—All Outside Rooms, affording plenty of light and air—Headquarters for Tourists from all parts of the world. Private Lavatories in connection with all rooms. Ideal climate the year round. Automobile road is now perfect. 3 1/2 hours run Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Unexcelled facilities for care of automobiles in hotel grounds.

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The Most Attractive and Sportiest Golf Links in California.

CATALINA

Good Accommodations at Moderate Rates in Island Villa and Canvas City.

New Metropole Cafe—Excellent Cuisine—Moderate prices.

FREE BAND CONCERTS AND FREE DANCING FOR PATRONS OF WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S (BANNING) LINE STEAMERS ONLY.

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MT. WILSON—New Hotel and Cabins and Strain's Camp.

6000 Ft. Elevation.

Delightful air, purest spring water, "Piedmont" walks, finest auto road in Southern California. Housekeeping tents, reasonable rates. New hotel, American plan, vacation place in heart of the Sierras. Largest observatory in world. Delicacies and gourmet chef. City P. R. car for foot trail. Daily stage leaves at 8 A. M. 615 S. Spring St. 12 round trip. Pasadena, Orange, California and Raymond at \$10. Information at bureau and W. E. Carr, Mt. Park Hotel, Pasadena.

Hotel Virginia

Long Beach

Absolutely fireproof. American plan. Centrally located. Near all amusements. Center of social events. Luxurious service and furnished housekeeping. Free golf links, bathing, fishing, tennis. Free garage. Paved for "that milk-fed chicken." Phone Sunset 177 or Times 304. Pack-Judah info.

Walter Hempel's

PIERPORT INN

VENICE DEEP SEA FISHING

CANOEING AND BOATING

ALWAYS COOL

OAKGLEN LODGE

5000 FEET. REASONABLE RATES.

MISS A. M. WOODFORD, Redlands. Peck-Judah.

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SEVEN OAKS.

COLD BROOK CAMP

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Housekeeping Cottages

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Superb Routes of Travel

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Steamships

SAN FRANCISCO AND PORTLAND WITHOUT CHANGE

STEAMSHIP BEAVER

SALES SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES, INCLUDING MEALS AND THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL PORTS IN THE COMPANY.

C. G. KRUEGER, Dist. Pass. Agt.

517 SOUTH SPRING ST. Home A3751—Main 1904

HORST'S COMPANY IS HELD ENEMY CONCERN.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Aug. 11, 6 p.m.—The Board of Trade has decided to wind up the affairs of the Horst Company on the ground that it is an enemy concern.

On the ground that it is an enemy concern, D. J. Partello of Chicago, who was said by officials of the company to be in control of the concern, appeared before the board and said the control lay in the hands of American and British stockholders.

It is understood other companies in which Mr. Partello is concerned will meet with a similar fate.

Mr. Partello was represented in the hearings by James M. Beck of New York, former assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

Before the war the Horst Company was under control of Mr. Partello's brother-in-law, Baron Lewis von Horst of Coburg, Germany, who was arrested soon after the war began as an alien enemy, and interned. It is understood the Baron had heavy interests in other companies which are now claimed by Mr. Partello.

The American consulate has been asked to intervene on the ground that this company is now controlled by American capital.

The Board of Trade began proceedings in June against the Horst Company, in the organization of which Baron von Horst, who formerly lived in California, was prominent.

In addition to Mr. Partello other directors of these companies in the United States are William Scott Troy and his father, Patrick Troy of San Francisco.

Big Santa Fe Mill Burns.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SANTA FE (N. M.), Aug. 11.—The mill of the Oark Mining and Milling Company at Kelly, N. M., one of the largest in the Southwest, was destroyed by fire yesterday, the loss being \$175,000, partially covered by insurance.

Strawships

South America

PERU AND CHILE DIRECT

S. S. SANTA CRUZ, Sails August 30

S. S. COLUSA, Sails August 30

(From San Francisco)

W. E. GRACE & CO., Sails August 30

M. P. & C. McLaughlin, Agents

439 West Main St., San Francisco

Australia

NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH SEAS

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ICE WAGON MEN STOP DELIVERY.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

St. Louis Drivers in Sympathy with Milk Strikers.

Shots are Fired in Battle with Miners' Pickets.

Seventeen I.W.W.'s Arrested by Minnesota Sheriff.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

ST. LOUIS (Mo.), Aug. 11.—Union ice wagon drivers this afternoon decided to refuse to deliver ice, beginning Saturday, to the nine dairies affected by the strike and lockout of union milk wagon drivers. This is feared, will precipitate a general strike of ice wagon drivers and cut off household deliveries of ice throughout the city.

James J. Barrett, Assistant State Labor Commissioner, is in St. Louis attempting to bring about conferences between the dairies and the striking drivers with a view to arbitration.

Only people who wanted milk had enough to eat after it was obtained the desired supply. The temperature here today was 94 deg.

AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND (O.), Aug. 11.—As a result of a strike of milk wagon drivers of the Teiling-Belle Vernon Company, largest milk dealers in the city, 300,000 Clevelanders were without their usual supply today.

MINERS IN BATTLE.

CROSBY (Min.), Aug. 11.—Efforts of strike sympathizers to prevent miners from working on the Cuyuna range resulted in a battle in which many shots were fired. Several miners were badly beaten during the affray, but so far as can be learned, no one was seriously injured.

At Virginia, Minn., a battle occurred between a crowd of about seventy-five pickets, armed with clubs and stones, and the local police, who tried to disperse them. Several miners were injured.

The Sheriff's office has received word from Kinney, near Buhl, of the arrest of seventeen strikers today. The strikers were taken to a Hamilton of the I.W.W., it is said, they were attacking a number of miners going to work at the Kinney mine.

IDAHO MINERS GET LESS WAGES.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WALLACE (Idaho), Aug. 11.—The wages of the metal miners in the Coeur d'Alene fields for this month will be 25 cents a day less than they were in July, it was announced today. The miners are paid on a sliding scale controlled by the price of lead. They had been receiving \$1.50 a day above the standard wage of \$3.50 a day for some months, or while the price of lead averaged \$5.50 or better.

SENDS MORE FACTS ON THE PETROLITE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The State Department has assembled for transmission to the Austrian Foreign Office additional data regarding the Austrian submarine attack on the American tanker Petrolite, supporting the charges of the Petrolite's captain that the attack was made in violation of international law. The United States already has demanded an apology, punishment of the submarine commander and reparation. The new representations are expected to go forward next week.

Los Angeles Hotels and Apartments

NEW ROSSLYN HOTEL

MEALS 25 CENTS

Best meals in the West—5th and Main Sts.

150 Rooms. \$1.00—250 Rooms. \$1.50—350 Rooms. \$2.00—500 Rooms. \$2.50

Summer Vacation Fares

THE WHITE FLYERS

YALE and HARVARD

\$6.35 SAN FRANCISCO \$10.50

One Way. SUNDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.

Return Limit Round Trip Tickets, October 1st.

Daylight Excursions to

\$2.35 SAN DIEGO \$2.50

One Way. EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY. Return Limit Round Trip.

Special Summer Excursions to All Eastern Points. Through Tickets to Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, All Puget Sound and Alaskan Ports.

PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.

Home 2197

PARADISE OFFICE—15 East Colorado Street

LAUREL OFFICE—132 West Ocean Ave.

OCEAN PARK OFFICE—149 Pier Ave.

FREE

BERTH

AND MEALS

\$3.00 SAN DIEGO

DAYLIGHT EXCURSIONS—SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY, 9:15 A.M. AND RETURN—THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL PORTS IN U. S., CANADA, ALASKA.

624 SOUTH SPRING ST. 115 W. OCEAN AVE. LONG BEACH. 145 EAST COLORADO, PARADISE.

San Francisco and Portland Without Change

STEAMSHIP ROSE CITY

Sails Saturday, August 12

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES, INCLUDING MEALS AND BERTH.

Through Tickets to All Ports in United States and Canada.

C. G. KRUEGER, Dist. Pass. Agt.

517 South Spring St. Home A3751—Main 1904

San Francisco Veterinary College

Begin September 11. No provision for equal opportunity. E. J. Crotty, Sec., 1818 Market Street.

Try Marine Eye Remedy

For Red, Watery, Itchy, Inflamed Eyes.

A great variety of business chances, and almost every conceivable thing that can be bought, sold, rented, exchanged or wanted, are advertised from day to day in the Times "Liner" section. These advertisements are readable and interesting, and offer many opportunities for personal profit and advancement.

Avoid the Rush

Make a practice of phoning your collection for the service will be made at your home or office. Main 8200—Home 10391.

TWO MORE CONVICTS MISSING AT CAMP.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

REDDING, Aug. 11.—Two more Polson road camp convicts were missing from the camp near here today, making the total of eight who have escaped in the last few weeks. Two were recaptured yesterday.

LOS ANGELES DOCTOR MAY LOSE ESTATE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Aug. 11.—The inability of Dr. C. F. Kuster of Los Angeles to find a will of the late Mrs. Mary D. Kuster, widow of his foster father, who died at Bartlett Springs three weeks ago, may result in the physician's losing any interest he might have had in the \$75,000 estate left by the aged woman. Kuster's known effects, and Judge Graham then issued special letters of administration on the estate to Mrs. Kuster, who was a sister of the deceased. Dr. Kuster is the adopted son of the husband of Mrs. Kuster, but he was adopted prior to the marriage, and has no claim on her estate unless a will in his favor can be found.

TRAIN IN DITCH; ENGINEER KILLED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

GREAT FALLS (Mont.), Aug. 11.—Burlington passenger train No. 44, eastbound, struck an open switch on the Great Northern Main Line at Great Falls, Mont., today, and the engine, express and baggage car went into a ditch. Engineer R. J. Baker, Great Falls, was crushed and scalded to death under his engine. Engineer R. J. Davis, Great Falls, was perhaps fatally injured. A sister of William H. Flavel were severely injured. The switch at Great Falls had been tampered with or closed carelessly by some trainman.

NEW GENERAL FREIGHT AGENT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

DULUTH (Minn.), Aug. 11.—Albion M. Hunter, assistant general freight agent of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railroad, was today named as the new general freight agent of that road, succeeding E. B. Ober, resigned on account of ill health.

FRENCH STEAMER IN BLAZE SINKS.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

MARSEILLES, Aug. 11.—The French steamer Tibor, with a cargo of inflammables, caught fire on August 6 and sank.

The Tibor, of 2727 tons, left New York on July 2 for Marseilles and was last reported as passing Gibraltar on July 14. She probably all ready has reached Marseilles.

ALLIES ATTACK BULGARIAN TOWN.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

PARIS, Aug. 11.—An attack by Anglo-French forces on the Bulgarians at Dolna, forty miles north of Sofia, resulted in a victory for the allies occupied the Dolna railway station and a village.

ARTILLERY DUEL.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Reuters' correspondent at Saloniki telegraphs that the artillery duel on the Balkan front has been renewed. The height captured by the Anglo-French forces was 227 feet above sea level. The railway station lies five miles east of the town.

There have been several small engagements recently along this front as well as frequent heavy artillery battles. A general offensive movement is expected for several weeks. The engagement near Dolna, however, apparently was a minor affair.

SAYS ROOSEVELT MAY INVADE WEST.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Theodore Roosevelt may invade the Middle West in the interest of the Republican campaign, it was announced here tonight by National Chairman William R. Wilcox. Who visited the former President at Oyster Bay today. The plan calls for five or six speeches by Col. Roosevelt, according to Mr. Wilcox. One of these, however, will be delivered in Maine.

Mr. Wilcox said he expected former President Taft and Elihu Root also would aid in the campaign.

WILSON MAY SPEAK ACROSS CONTINENT.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—President Wilson is being considered a transcontinental campaign trip. Congressional leaders at the White House today gained the impression that he virtually had decided on such a step, but officials said later that his plans for the campaign still are unformed and depended largely upon Congress.

Removal Notice.

San Francisco Veterinary College

Begin September 11. No provision for equal opportunity. E. J. Crotty, Sec., 1818 Market Street.

Try Marine Eye Remedy

For Red, Watery, Itchy, Inflamed Eyes.

A great variety of business chances, and almost every conceivable thing that can be bought, sold, rented, exchanged or wanted, are advertised from day to day in the Times "Liner" section. These advertisements are readable and interesting, and offer many opportunities for personal profit and advancement.

Avoid the Rush

Make a practice of

Classified Liners.

TO LET—\$12; BEAUTIFUL, new
Park, half block from York—big
4-room bungalow, rear. 226 W.
DRIVE. Phone West 2782.

TO LET—4 ROOMS AND BATH water paid, \$10. \$60/14 E. Riverview, Franklin-ave. cor. 1st

TO LET — 5752 VIRGINIA ave. cor. 1st. modern, large. Key next door. Phone 1202

TO LET—HOUSE OF 7 ROOMS and bath. Rent \$10.00 per month. 1929 S. B. 1802.

TO LET—445, 7 ROOMS CHALK BLVD. Double garage. Call 7214 for details

TO LET—6 ROOM BUNGALOW, polished floors, beautiful new water. Owner, 1706 S. GRAND ST. LAUREL BROS. IN THE FACT condition. Will sell or lease. 1412 CONSTANCE. P.

TO LET—MODERN NEW THIRTEEN ROOMS. Large house, rent reasonable to permanent tenants.

TO LET—5 ROOM COTTAGE on 5th cor. large garage. Park in rear. Phone 1202

TO LET—NEW MODERN, 7 ROOM & DETACH. rent \$10.00 and \$10.00. Phone 1202

TO LET—LIVE NEW BUNGALOW NIB BROS. LAUREL, 2029 S. B.

location, 51917.
TO LET—7-ROOM MODERN ON
LAWA PARK, 11171 U.S. 90.
Phone SOUTH 5074A. 411 B. 0.
TO LET—4-ROOM COTTAGE,
11171 U.S. 90. 411 B. 0.
TO LET—NICE NEW BUNGALOW
modern, 1511 N. Kenmore ave.
821 B. 0.
TO LET—5-ROOM CLEAN MOD-
ern, 4223 S. Flower, Bapine.
Phone 4604. 411 B. 0.
TO LET—5-ROOM SOUTH HOPE
room cottage, 415 per month.
tags in rear.
TO LET—6 ROOMS NEAR PINE
city center or would suit
BATTLETON, 217 Delta Bldg.
TO LET—NINE-ROOM HOUSE
with garage, 11171 U.S. 90.
104 1/2 B. 0. BROADWAY
TO LET—7-ROOM BUNGALOW
11171 U.S. 90. 411 B. 0.
104 1/2 B. 0. 1755 KANE ST., 104 1/2 B. 0.

TO LET—
Furnished Home
TO LET—ONE BLACK WHITE CO-
LORED HOME, 11171 U.S. 90.
104 1/2 B. 0. 1755 KANE ST., 104 1/2 B. 0.

A beautiful, cozy, 7-room house furnished and in the neighborhood of 1000 sq. ft. of living space. Large, bright, sunny kitchen, large living room, convenient. Close to shopping, schools, bus and car. Rent \$100.00 per month or lease reasonable to discuss. Call 1-800-368-1222 ext. 12229 evenings. Owner address: 12229 E. 12th Ave., Denver, CO 80231.

TO LET—HOUSE HUNTING MAN: RARE sliding automobile of heat, air conditioning, 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, home appliances, and more. I am thoroughly familiar with the area and can show you immediately. Call me at 1-800-368-1222 ext. 12229.

TO LET—BUNGALOWS AND APARTMENTS: Make your own choice of 1 or 2 hours. Use YOUR OWN car. No need to wait. Call me at 1-800-368-1222 ext. 12229. Property: Six years' experience. Call me immediately. Just what you need. Everywhere. Tel: 1-800-368-1222.

TO LET: FREE RENTAL INFORMATION: Beautifully furnished houses, in the Wilshire, Woodside, Hollywood, and Beverly Hills areas. MARY GRONFELD, 209 Hans Blvd., Home 690-1111.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED: FURNISHED: Beautifully furnished houses, in the Wilshire, Woodside, Hollywood, and Beverly Hills areas. Call me immediately. Tel: 1-800-368-1222.

TO LET—COLONIAL BUNGALOW completely, artistically furnished, heated, all built-in features, large lot, 100' x 100' 1/2. \$250 PER MONTH. Call, Hollywood 2218.

TO LET—NICE NEW BUNGALOW, 3 bedrooms, 2 1/2 baths, central heating, including dish, \$25 per month. PLACE, corner of Dalton. Year of 1914. Call, Hollywood 2218.

TO LET—FURNISHED COTTAGE, new interior, modern, suitable for men and women; ideal for students. Call, Hollywood 2218.

TO LET—510 W. 40TH ST., #16 for 2 adults only; cottage, gas, in perfect condition, shade trees, formal lawn. Call, Hollywood 2218.

TO LET—FURNISHED 5-BEDRM. bungalow, large yard with flower garden, central heating, 100' x 100' one block north to 4391 CLAYTON.

TO LET—COMPLETELY FURNISHED 3 rooms, including piano, one car garage, 100' x 100' 1/2. 4300 W. 41ST AVE. Hollywood.

TO LET—CLOSE IN, 1015 DEWEY and 6-room high class bungalow, large lot below quarter block. Call, Hollywood 2218.

722 water pad. PHONE 860.
 TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSE OF
 10 ROOMS, 2 BATHS, 2 KITCHENS.
 Inquire 1900 TUBERMAN corner
 10th and 11th.
 TO LET—5 LARGE AND HIGH
 furnished; walking distance
 to AVENUE.
 TO LET—NICE LITTLE BUNGALOW
 AT 1037 W. 29TH ST.
 5 rooms, 2 baths, 2 porches.
 TO LET—MY HOME OF 8 ROOMS
 furnished, piano, furnace, new
 floors, close in. 1920 UNOIS ST.
 TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED 5-
 ROOM HOUSE, 974 W. 42ND ST.
 5906 AMOS.
 TO LET—CALL MRS. FPHLIN IN
 Hollywood, Holly 884, STONE.
 1000 10th and 11th.
 TO LET—6-ROOM BUNGALOW,
 decorated, furnished complete,
 HARVARD, 6902.
 TO LET—COMPLETELY FURNISHED
 6-ROOM BUNGALOW, beautiful
 645, 2109 W. 20TH PLACE.
 TO LET—818 FURNISHED 5-ROOM
 BUNGALOW, 10th and 11th.
 TO LET—A WELL-FURNISHED
 6-ROOM BUNGALOW, 10th and 11th.
 ing porch, good location. 803

54757.

TO LET OR LEASE—
Stores and Offices
and furnished in mahogany
rooms outside rooms, both
at very low price, or rent
Telephone. Will rent
L. D. Gwynn, 1015 Market
St.

TO LET—OFFICE ROOMS BEHIND
NICE, LIGHT, AIRY OFFICE
ROOMS, HIGH CLASS FURNI-
TURE; BOTH TELEPHONE AND
WATER KAME. A S. S. COOPER,
1015 Market St.

STRONG, BOLD
TO LET—DESK SPACE IN BEAUTIFUL
office, both furnished and
reasonable. SOT MERRETT BLK.,
2280.

TO LET—STOREHOUSES BEHIND
Main and Washington
MAIN Phone 2067, 217, 219.

TO LET—\$15 MONTH, LARGEST
Pico, choice location.
5247. Are you alive?

TO LET—DESK SPACE WITH
desk; free use both phone
and typewriter.

TO LET—NICE LITTLE STORE
Spicing etc., next door to corner
place, MR. SMITH, 508 Union

TO LET—FURNISHED OR UN-
furnished, with complete record-
ing stenographer if desired, 601
North Main, Phone 112

TO LET—STORE, 427 E. 10TH
NORTH. Phone 112

TO LET—W. C. A. BLOOM, 101
N. 10TH, stucco, one suite suitable
for

TO LET OR LEASE—
Industrial and Domestic

FOR LEASE—ESTATE, 1000 LEXINGTON
N. building. Close-in.
opportunity. Don't fall in
OWNER, 739 WALL. A208

TO LET—
Branco

COLGAN'S TRANSFER AND FREIGHT
724 South Main
Lowest rates for hauling and
MAIN 2088

TO LET—

TO LET—TO FAMILY For
beach, our home
August 18; near ocean
\$20 per week, including
HOME phone.

TO LET—GALDGA, CARNIVAL
Winifred Lodge, Quad,
near swimming accommo-
dation.
WATN 3151.

TO LET—LONG BEACH Very
front, beachkeeping type
land for price list.

FOR SALE—
For sale—A BARGAIN ON
New modern 5-room bungalow
with garage; water and
heat \$30 per month. Includes
large porch, hardwood
floors, central heating, built-in
screen porch with stationary
block from our line and
Call J. J. BURTON.

FOR SALE—A GENUINE BARGAIN
Wildfire section, brand new
high ground, paved street,
will sell.

worth it, but I will make a
 third or more cash. Black other boys
 600. BLACK BELLS. \$100.
 FOR SALE.

Two brothers have five to ten
 yards full of fruit and berries.
 \$400 and \$100 each with
 sacrifice. Call CHASLES FISH.

White.
FURNISHED COTTAGE, 4 ROOMS,
porch, bath, toilet, flower, lawn, wa-
ter, electric, gas, and chicken post.
505 WILLOW AVE.

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[illegible]

THE CITY

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

Patriotic Services.
Patriotic and memorial services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in Patriotic Hall, No. 1816 South Figueroa street. Dr. Willis M. Sapp will be the principal speaker.

Going to Celebrate.
To celebrate the completion of South Park paving and car line, a lawn party and bazaar will be held in South Park this afternoon and evening. There will be a band concert and a moonlight dance.

Recital This Afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Chauvencourt will present Mildred L. Downes, vocalist, and Mrs. Jean D. Moritz, pianist, in recital at the Conservatory Auditorium, 545 South Figueroa street, this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The public is invited.

Concert at Eastlake Park.
An afternoon concert will be held at Eastlake Park tomorrow at 2:30 o'clock. There will be solos by Mrs. Gloria Mayne, dramatic soprano. Other features will be solos by Frank King and songs by the Pettijohns' ragtime quartet.

Y.W.C.A. Demonstration.
A demonstration of the work accomplished by the students in the summer school, featuring the physical education and playground work of the Young Women's Christian Association, will be held in the association gymnasium next Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Their Annual Picnic.
Employees of the Parmelee-Dohrmann Company will go to Hermosa Beach today for their annual picnic. One of the features of the day will be the first look at "The Jester's Annual," a small magazine edited for and by the employees of the firm, and devoted to good-natured fun at their expense.

Election Postponed.
A ten day postponement of the election at which residents in the large portion of the northeastern part of the city of Los Angeles will vote on a bond issue of \$250,000 for the extension of the city water system to that section was announced yesterday. The election will be held September 15. The territory affected includes Balboa Vista, Palmdale, Newton Park, Sierra Park, Sierra Vista, a part of Rose Hill, Garvanza and Highland Park.

Wind up Their Work.
The committee in charge of the Belgian Grand Prix completed its work yesterday with the filing of a financial report, stating that a total of \$11,814 had been received from the sale of tickets, and of this \$11,814, \$9,575 turned over to the Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Belgium. The committee for relief in Belgium. This branch of the work was in charge of Mrs. J. M. Danziger, Mrs. Wilhelmina Rodman, Georges Puzos and a committee of other Californians.

Preliminaries.
BATTLE OVER BAIL.
Judge Reduces the Amount Under Which Alleged Land Swindler is Held, After Attorneys Demand Words—Hearing is Set for Friday.

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JITNEY BUS IS PROFIT-TAKER.

Pacific Electric Head Says Year's Deficit Will be Nearly a Million.

With the testimony of President Shoup of the Pacific Electric the railroad company will show a deficit of \$200,000 for the year, due largely to jitney bus competition. Attorney Frank Karr closed the case for the company Thursday before State Railroad Commissioner Gordon in the matter of the road's application for authority to tear up 600 feet of track on Avenue 44, between the old city limits and the Annandale Country Club.

The Pacific Electric has suffered through jitney bus competition to such an extent, it was stated, that already tracks have been dug up in Long Beach, Pasadena, Pomona, Los Angeles Harbor and the San Bernardino district, although the Avenue 44 line is one of the first to be brought in question inside Los Angeles proper.

Commissioner Gordon asked each of the protesters, from the bench, whether they believed that it would be possible to force a company to operate week lines, as it was when the total operations of the company for a year showed a deficit.

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CLIMBS HIGH TANK TO END HIS LIFE.

Capt. Frank Kleinschmidt, Who has Passed the Last Eighteen Months on Three European War Fronts, is Reported to be in the Hands of the Germans.

Alone. Capt. Frank Kleinschmidt, who has passed the last eighteen months on three European war fronts, is reported to be in the hands of the Germans. He is now alone.

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VIEWS WAR ON THREE FRONTS.

Guest of Austrian Archduke in Center of Actions.

With Hindenburg at Defeat of Russians in Poland. Believes Fighting May Go on Several Years.

Capt. Frank E. Kleinschmidt, heroic explorer, big-game hunter, and a man of many talents, is the guest of the Austrian Archduke in the center of actions.

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Ovation to Booth.

(Continued from First Page.)

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There is certainly little doubt that a great element in Japanese success and quick rise in power and influence is their facility in acquiring the language of the country with which they covet business relations. Australia makes no secret of her intention to foster trade with the Orient to her uttermost capacity—and these United States ought not find it amiss to follow her lead.

New York has almost as many policemen to preserve peace as we have regular soldiers in the United States to repel an invader. New York's police often find themselves helpless in a riot—and our army is maintained to face what is worse than any riot. Still many people do not awaken to the shameful inadequacy of our military strength; and there are other people who

But, a fair-weather seaman; he is fitted out pilot neither a vessel nor a municipality in stormy seas.

Never, perhaps, in the history of our American municipalities has there been a more complete and total surrender of the part of a city or State administration at the time of a crisis. Little was expected of the State by the friends of law and or-

an anarchistic paper appropriately named the "Blast." that there are a number of "groups" that have been meeting regularly and whose meeting places have been well known to the authorities. They could go on without interference and even without protest has without doubt established San Francisco as a fine place for the "Blast" to allow open propaganda in any other city.

and sublime; and so I sit beside my door and moralize an hour or more and have the blamest time.

— WALT MASON.

In 1937 the first batch of Charles Evans Smiths and Charles Warren Joneses will be voting the Republican ticket.

It would be interesting to note how many Germans and Austrians are left after subtracting the number that have been killed, wounded or are missing or captured since the beginning of the war according to the date lines from pro-ally territory.

the red and the white
are but one.
And the flag of the
dipped in the
When their children
westerling and
No Teton, no
icans were
—(Maurice)

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—

Cooler Dry Goods Co.

(FOUNDED IN 1878)

U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegram Branch. American Express Branch.

Business Page: Money, Stocks and Bonds—Grain—Mines—Financial Markets Abroad—Business Page

PRICE RANGE INDICATES SPECULATIVE CONFUSION.

Firm Opening Quotations Give Way to General Recession Before Midday, and Later Movement Becomes More Irregular, Rails, as Well as Specialties, Pursuing Opposite Directions—Bonds Erratic.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—The course of prices in today's trading indicated rather plainly the uncertainty and confusion prevalent in speculative circles. Opening prices were firm to strong, these giving way to general recessions and points of weakness before midday. Later the movement became irregular, rails as well as specialties, pursuing opposite directions—bonds erratic.

amounted to 345,000 shares. Bonds were irregular, with slight concessions in Anglo-French 4s. Total sales of bonds, par value, \$2,730,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call, but common bonds advanced 1 per cent on actual sales.

COMPARISON OF SALES. (BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) TOSS SUMMARIES OF THE WEEK, Aug. 11.—Following is a comparison of today's stock and bond sales:

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES. Total sales, August 11, 1916, 3,278,000 shares. From January 3 to date, 60,224,000 shares. From January 3 to date, 60,224,000 shares. From January 3 to date, 60,224,000 shares.

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES. Total sales, August 11, 1916, \$2,730,000. From January 3 to date, \$2,730,000. From January 3 to date, \$2,730,000.

THE MONEY MARKET AT HOME AND ABROAD. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Money market, Aug. 11.—Money market, Aug. 11.—Money market, Aug. 11.

STOCK QUOTATIONS IN NEW YORK. (Published by Lewis & Hyman, Members New York Stock Exchange, 115 West Fourth Street, New York.)

Stock	Price	Stock	Price
Am. Tobacco	110 1/2	Gen. Elec.	110 1/2
Am. Sugar	110 1/2	Int. Harb.	110 1/2
Am. Cotton	110 1/2	Met. Ind.	110 1/2
Am. Oil	110 1/2	N. Y. C. & H. R.	110 1/2
Am. Paper	110 1/2	Pack. Ind.	110 1/2
Am. Rubber	110 1/2	St. P. & N. W.	110 1/2
Am. Steel	110 1/2	Union Pac.	110 1/2
Am. Textile	110 1/2	W. Va. Coal	110 1/2
Am. Lumber	110 1/2	Y. M. & P.	110 1/2
Am. Glass	110 1/2	Am. Can.	110 1/2
Am. Cement	110 1/2	Am. Ice	110 1/2
Am. Brick	110 1/2	Am. Paper	110 1/2
Am. Coal	110 1/2	Am. Oil	110 1/2
Am. Iron	110 1/2	Am. Steel	110 1/2
Am. Copper	110 1/2	Am. Rubber	110 1/2
Am. Lead	110 1/2	Am. Zinc	110 1/2
Am. Tin	110 1/2	Am. Nickel	110 1/2
Am. Silver	110 1/2	Am. Gold	110 1/2
Am. Platinum	110 1/2	Am. Palladium	110 1/2
Am. Iridium	110 1/2	Am. Rhodium	110 1/2
Am. Osmium	110 1/2	Am. Selenium	110 1/2
Am. Tellurium	110 1/2	Am. Vanadium	110 1/2
Am. Manganese	110 1/2	Am. Chromium	110 1/2
Am. Cobalt	110 1/2	Am. Molybdenum	110 1/2
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Am. Hafnium	110 1/2	Am. Tantalum	110 1/2
Am. Niobium	110 1/2	Am. Tantalum	110 1/2
Am. Vanadium	110 1/2	Am. Selenium	110 1/2
Am. Tellurium	110 1/2	Am. Vanadium	110 1/2
Am. Manganese	110 1/2	Am. Chromium	110 1/2
Am. Cobalt	110 1/2	Am. Molybdenum	110 1/2
Am. Barium	110 1/2	Am. Strontium	110 1/2
Am. Calcium	110 1/2	Am. Magnesium	110 1/2
Am. Sodium	110 1/2	Am. Potassium	110 1/2
Am. Lithium	110 1/2	Am. Beryllium	110 1/2
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Am. Cobalt	110 1/2	Am. Molybdenum	110 1/2
Am. Barium	110 1/2	Am. Strontium	110 1/2

BIG UNION OIL TRIAL CLOSES.

Anti-Stewart Case Grounded on New Legal Points.

Court will Give His Finding of Facts this Morning.

But Cause will be Held Open Pending Developments.

After fifty-two trial days and two weeks of argument, the suit of E. W. Hiltz and others against the Union Oil Company to restrain the United Petroleum and the Union Provident holding companies from voting shares held in the Union Oil Company, and for a mandatory injunction requiring them to give proxies to the holders of stock in the holding companies for the purpose of voting an equivalent number of shares in the Union, came to an end yesterday. Judge Myers announced he would give his findings of fact this morning at 10 o'clock. The case will be held open until September 1, by which time it is expected the dissolution of the Union Provident will be effected through the efforts of the stockholders.

An appeal is expected no matter which way the final judgment goes. While there have been many decisions upon the validity of various forms of directorates and the validity of various forms of contracts with reference to voting shares, the validity of proxy and voting trusts, there are no decisions upon the precise question in these sorts of holding companies. Judge Myers' final judgment will, therefore, be unique in this state and important as affecting holding companies of the great corporations.

STRENUOUS CONTEST.
The case has been one of the hardest-fought in the annals of the courts here. The many witnesses have included men prominent in the business life of the city. These have been directly or indirectly interested in the oil industry of California. It has been a hard grind for the judge and the lawyers engaged in the case, and the trial has shed light on the immense volume of business done by the Union Oil Company and its growth from a small beginning.

The plaintiffs, who include John Garriques, former treasurer of the Union Oil Company and the leader of the faction against the Stewart family control of the Union, contended that the two holding companies are devices to enable the minority stockholders, the Stewarts, to control the Union Oil Company. It was argued that the Stewarts own upward of 17 per cent of the outstanding shares of the Union and that with this 17 per cent they have absolute control of that corporation and the power to elect a majority of its directors. The purpose of the Stewarts, it was held, in devising the system of holding companies, was to secure to themselves the control of the Union.

THE OTHER SIDE.
The Stewarts contended that the only motive in the creation of the holding companies was to secure a stability and continuation of the policy which insured the future of all of the stockholders; that the corporation was for a lawful purpose, under the laws of California, and when so organized the holding companies became actual, legal and beneficial concerns.

The trial was watched with interest by other oil corporations. The attack on the Stewart control and the attempt to show that by creating a minority of the stock of the Union, the Stewarts have been enabled to control the corporation through the holding companies with the ultimate view of selling their stock at greater advantage than other stockholders, was met by the Stewarts and their friends by vigorous denials of any ulterior motive.

The great financial crisis which the corporation passed was one of the features of the trial. The advent of John Garriques and his ultimatum for the control of the corporation proved to be sensational spots in an otherwise bitter legal battle.

ON NEGRO EDUCATION.

Theme will be Subject of Meetings in Local Church Tomorrow.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church will especially observe tomorrow as "Men's Educational Day" in all parts of the United States where this church is organized. Special services in this connection will be held in the Los Angeles church, both morning and evening.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church maintains twenty-five schools and colleges in which all branches of educational work are taught and in which academic courses are offered as well as theological courses. Tomorrow will be for the purpose of especially attracting attention to these educational institutions.

The meeting at 11 o'clock tomorrow forenoon, in the local church, will be addressed by Superior Judge Wood on the subject of "The Education of the Negro." In the evening address will be by Superior Judge Finlayson on the subject of "The Negro in Literature." Atty. W. O. Tyler will preside at both meetings, and the program will be rendered by the church choir, including anthems and solos and folk songs. The public is invited.

REPRESENTS EFFORTS TO BOSS OFFICE.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS AGAINST E. T. EARL.

Tells Mass Meeting of Many Incidents in Which Publisher-Politician Unsuccessfully Undertook to Dictate Manner in Which Business Should be Conducted.

Following are extracts from a speech delivered by Dist. Atty. Thomas Lee Woolwine at a mass-meeting held at the Bell school-house, last evening:

"At this time, after mature deliberation, I consider it a public duty to call the attention of the people of this county to the manner in which their public servant, the District Attorney, has been harassed and annoyed by the vindictive desire of E. T. Earl to ruin my administration because I have consistently refused to take orders from him during my incumbency."

"Shortly after I assumed the duties of the office, I telephoned to me in a commanding manner to come to my secretary's office to do so, and a few days thereafter he called me again over the telephone and asked me to report at his home. I, of course, refused, and told him that if he had any official business with the District Attorney the doors of that office would be open to him, and they would be to any other citizen of this county. I have never been to his office, in accordance with his demand, and this home, nor have I any intention of complying with any demands of that kind he may make upon me."

"In a short while his hostility to the office became evident. He even went to the extent of taking one of my secretaries to his home, to his ranch, and tried to induce this employee to surrender the secret service of the office. He also attempted to reason that certain persons whom he favored were then under investigation."

"The next next an emissary to me to get me to desert from exposing David Evans of the Civil Service Commission, and this same emissary was heard before the Board of Supervisors. This proceeding resulted in the confession and resignation of Evans."

"His next move was to back Supervisor Norton and others in an attack upon the office, which was heard before the Board of Supervisors and found to be utterly groundless."

FACES PRISON, HELPS OTHERS.

Confessed "Skylight Burglar" Does Kindly Act.

Preparing Defense, He will Talk no More.

Neither Wife nor Accomplices can be Found.

John E. Morgan, thief extraordinary, who confessed to being the leader of the "skylight burglars" and lived a life of supercilious splendor in a downtown hotel, shed his pose of mystery and reticence yesterday. As a clerk might open his desk in the morning to proceed with the routine matters of the day, John Morgan went actively and decisively about his business of preparing for the penitentiary or winning a release.

Behind him was the tension of interrogation, the parry and evasion of investigation. "I'm through, boys," he said to the detectives. "You might as well talk to yourselves as to come talking to me." Then he went to his room and locked the door. He had through, with a remark he had other things to consider. He summoned an agent and arranged for forwarding \$25 to the wife of a brother in the East. She is a widow and has a young child. Morgan thought of her with his life a wreck before him and the outline of prison walls already solidifying in his vision. He arranged for his clothing, his laundry and little details of his personal life.

GOSPEL TELL TALES.
As soon as the day came yesterday the little gossip of his life since he had been in the city began trickling to police headquarters. It is always so with every spectacular criminal. It is almost with ecstasy that people come to tell the things they know. One had sold him a hat, another had seen him in a beach cab. Oh, yes, they thought there was something mysterious about the man.

A curious reflection of Morgan's criminality came from a Jewish salesman living in the same hotel. The salesman and Morgan had met casually at the bar. Morgan had pretended to be a doctor and the salesman had drunk when the latter's back was turned. That brought apologies and a threat. Then the salesman told him the ethics of the bar must be observed by the salesman returning the compliment. In doing so, he presented a \$50 bill in payment.

Morgan took it, suggested he could get only silver in change at the bar, and offered to get paper change from the hotel cashier. The salesman let him have the bill, he says, adding that Morgan hurried away and did not appear again. There were no witnesses to the alleged transaction, the money could not be identified, and when Morgan met the salesman again he smiled goodnaturedly and ignored the salesman's protests.

FRIEND OF HIS WIFE.
Again, Mrs. Evelyn Hellis, a sophisticated young woman, who met Morgan's supposed wife and became well acquainted with her, told what she knew of their relations and his life. She said there had been a misunderstanding between the woman and Morgan, and she suggested that the supposed Mrs. Morgan was jealous of her. She didn't know where Mrs. Morgan had gone.

No one else does. The detectives are still trying to fathom her flight. Morgan's greatest concern yesterday was to secure the release of his brother, W. H. L. Morgan. The detectives will hold the younger brother for a day or two.

The Public Service.

At the City Hall.

BETTER TAKE ALL THAN CHOP HEAD.

EFFICIENCY BOARD SENDS ITS VIEWS TO MAYOR.

Abolish Commission Rather than Perpetrate It of Properly Qualified Director, is his Opinion—Budget Message to City Council Again is Delayed.

No message was received by the City Council yesterday from Mayor Sebastian with regard to the budget, but it is expected this morning together with a notification that he expects to take a short vacation on account of his health.

The Efficiency Commission communicated with him yesterday with reference to the budget provision for the department and the appeal of the ordinance fixing the salaries of employees. The commission said it felt strongly that any interference with the management of its affairs was unwarranted. For that reason it expressed the unanimous opinion that it would be better to abolish the commission than to deprive it of a properly-qualified director. This view it expressed entirely in the question of the personal and technical qualifications of Director Burks, which, however important, it did not care to discuss.

CANT HAVE 'EM.
CIVIL SERVICE SLAPPED.
The City Attorney informed members of the Council yesterday that the Civil Service Commission demanded that all original pay rolls be submitted to it for inspection and approval was illegal. A resolution introduced by Councilman Wright, declaring the instructions illegal and void, which was recently referred to the City Attorney, was ordered sent to the Finance Committee.

ON GAS RATES.
HEARING DUE SOON.
The gas rates hearing asked by a committee of citizens will be held when Councilman Roberts returns from vacation. The hearing will be held on Monday. At the meeting of the City Council yesterday Councilman Roberts said the Committee of Public Utilities ought to give an early hearing on the subject.

Councilman Roberts said there was no disposition on the part of anyone on the Council not to give the hearing. The City Attorney, Stephens, on the floor of the Council chamber, had said he did not want any instructions to the State Engineer. Councilman Roberts added that the Board of Public Utilities and the City Attorney, whom was referred the request for a public hearing, will be urged to make an early report as possible.

Wants Beach Tract Custody.
Believing that the four-mile strip of ocean front brought into the city by the Westgate annexation prove a wonderful asset, the Municipal Park Commission yesterday asked the City Clerk to place in custody of the tract. It is the desire of the commission to make this into an ocean front recreation center.

To Honor His Memory.
Fire Chief Eley was yesterday authorized by the Fire Commission to participate with some of his men in the Long Beach benefit for the fund to provide a monument in honor of the late Chief Shreve, of that city, who was killed in an automobile accident.

At the Courthouse.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES ORDERED TO ANSWER.

RULING IN HAWTHORNE CASE IS AGAINST OFFICIALS.

When he discovered, July 30 last, that a final decree had not been entered in the divorce suit of his former wife, Katherine G. Young, Thomas W. Young ceased to live with his second wife, Inez Hogue Young, and yesterday he filed suit to annul the latter marriage.

IN AND OUT ABOUT THE COURTS.
NEEDS GUARDIAN. At the age of 85 years and with a life estate of 225 acres in Ventura county, Nancy L. Crowley requires a competent person to look after her property. Yesterday her daughter, Nannie B. Hutchins and Cora E. Cumpton, petitioned the probate court asking that the former be appointed Mrs. Crowley's guardian.

INCORPORATIONS. The Progressive Education Association, incorporated; J. D. Gordon, W. H. Rogier, C. A. Spers-bass, A. Lively, John M. Scott, James H. Longden, H. H. Williams, A. P. Ramsey and W. H. Hughes. The Motion Picture Electric and Equipment Company, incorporated; H. C. Hickman, Richard Willis, Gus Ingles, Harry P. Brown and H. W. Otto, capital stock, \$20,000; subscribed, \$500.

Promising.
WOMAN TO TELL ALL?
Expose of True Inwardness of Smoking Opium Traffic in City Expected as Result of Claws Furnished Federal Authorities by Women.

Claws that may result in an expose of the true inwardness of the smoking opium traffic in this city were furnished Special Agent John S. Crowley of the United States Treasury Department, yesterday, it is claimed, by Emilio Fernandez, a Spanish woman, following her arrest at No. 455 Banning street, in company with L. Vasolo, former proprietor of the Hidden Moving Picture Theater, and Antonio Ceregio, an alleged Arizona mining man.

Other arrests may follow, according to Federal officials, as a result of the woman's confession. A search of the premises of the trio revealed a cache of opium and a suit case containing a quantity of the stuff.

Ceregio, who is also known as Antonio Garcia, was arrested on by a half-dozen Spanish people of the neighborhood calling the strata of the woman he was well known. The search of the premises of the trio revealed a cache of opium and a suit case containing a quantity of the stuff.

The Fernandez was finally from Santa Paula family is among the inmates of that commissary on into custody Ceregio had between them more than \$10,000 in cash. Complacently the trio with smuggling was United States Commission on the preliminary examination.

Get in Ahead. Telephone your Sunday story to the editor of the Times.

Established 1881

BROADWAY AND HILL EIGHTH STREETS

Store Open Till One o'Clock Today A BUSY HALF DAY

All purchases made before the store closes today will be delivered within city delivery boundaries today—to suburban points Monday.

Bakery Goods
—Baked by Hamburger Bakers in the great, white, sanitary Hamburger Ovens—
—Streusel Coffee Cake, 10c each.
—Almond Filled Coffee Cakes, 25c each.
—Coffee Rings, 10c each.
—Kranz Kuchen Coffee Cake, 25c each.
—Peach Cake, 10c each.
—Cheese Cake, 10c each.
—German Apple Cake, 10c each.
—Lager Cakes, assorted, 35c each.
—Angel Food and Sunshine Cakes, 35c each.
—Angel Food Cakes, 15c each.
—Home-made Bread, 10c loaf.
—Vienna Rolls, 10c dozen.
—Home-made Cookies, 10c dozen.
—Home-made Bismarcks, 20c doz. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

Pure Candies
—Made of purest ingredients, in our own Sanitary Candy Kitchens; high above the dust and fly line—they're delicious.
—Stanford Chocolates, 20c lb.
—Assorted—or in 1-lb. boxes for 25c.
—Maple Walnut Nougat, 24c lb. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

Sturdy Oxford Bags, \$3.50
—Made of black Keratol, wairus grain; cloth lined; double-sewed edges, reinforced with sewed-on corners; 16 and 17-in. sizes, \$1.50. (Hamburger's—Fourth Floor—Today)

Knitted Bathing Suits \$3.95
—Women like them best of all. Low as much freedom with them as they wear. Black and red, trimmed in contrasting colors.
(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

Sand Toys for Little Tots
—Pails, shovels, and models, etc.—everything to make the happy.
(Toy Dept.—Fourth Floor)

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Chinese Opera that Comes from 1 Year in Los Angeles

THE MAGAZINE OF THE WEEK

Roll Films Developed Free when Prints are ordered.

That Wear Like Buckskin
Few indeed are the women who have not been annoyed by unsightly window shades—the result of their fading, water-spotting or cracking—and shabby windows will rob the best appointed home of its attractiveness. If you would have shades that are beautiful to look at, and that really wear, ask your dealer to show you samples of

Hopi Indian Reservation Arizona
Will be held between August 19 and 25

most weird unique and most amazing spectacle to be found in any part of the world

Call or write for "Snake Dance" circular. It gives you complete information how to get there and cost.

E. W. McGee, Gen'l. Agt.
334 So. Spring St.
Phone service day or night
60941—Main 738
Santa Fe Station
A5130—Main 8225

Plant These Roses Now!

We desire to call your attention to the fact that the present is a most propitious time for the planting of all kinds of roses. The quality of our stock is too well known to require comment. The plants are guaranteed true to name; guaranteed to be the best of their kind.

Damask Window Shades
—An unfilled finely woven fabric, coated by hand with pure oil colors, which has made shade troubles a thing of the past. To be assured of the genuine, look for the guarantee slip in the hem. If your dealer cannot show you samples of Three Star Damask, drop us a line and we will see that you are supplied.
Talbot-Whitmore Co., Los Angeles
THIS GUARANTEE IS IN THE HEM OF EVERY SHADE
Guarantee Certificate
This Shade is made from genuine Three Star Damask material and is guaranteed to give you one year of perfect service. If you are not satisfied, we will refund your money.
—TALBOT-WHITMORE CO.—

Help Us Serve You
on telephone your Sunday story to the editor of the Times Friday or early Saturday.

Chamberlain's Tablets.
Fred E. Hunt of Seneca Falls, N. Y., says: "I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Tablets for the stomach and liver, for they proved to be the best medicine I ever used." Obtainable everywhere.
—Advertisement—

arch of the premises occupied by a trio revealed a man of smoking habit and a suit case that had evidently been used in the transport of the stuff.

Cerecillo, who is also known as Al- the Cerecillo, was no sooner lodged in the half-dozen than he was called upon by the people of the class, and the friends of the society in which he was well known. The former had been allowed to have been occupied by Cerecillo and the woman was arrested, but nothing found.

The arrest, it is believed, is likely to clear up some of the local smuggling activity. If the friends of the woman do not induce the woman to leave her men about the case, they may have some indication as to the being made.

The Fernandez woman came originally from Santa Paula, where she is among the important people of that community. When taken into custody Cerecillo and Fernandez were charged with smuggling cash. Compliments charging the woman with smuggling were made by the United States Commissioner and they will have their preliminary examination this morning.

Get In Ahead.

Remember your Sunday ads. to The Times by 10 o'clock Saturday.

81
RIGHT
STREETS

Hunting and Fishing Licenses, \$1. (4th floor)

Check Today
AY
be delivered within our day.

ly Dressed
ns 59c ea.

less Prime Roast Beef, 15c.
Veal for Roasting, 15c lb.
Sirloin Short Steaks, 20c.
Dressed Broilers, 25c lb.
Dressed Ducks, 69c ea.
Milk Lamb, 19c lb.
Order Milk Lamb, 14c lb.
ork for Roasting, 14c lb.
ed Spring Chickens, stuffed.

ly Dressed Rabbit, 35c ea.
Creamery Butter, 30c lb.

ed Bathing
Spark Soap, 8 bars 25c.
White Vegetable oil soap.
Catsup, pint bottle, 2 for 25c.
Assorted, 2 cans 15c.
Apple Juice, large can, 5c.
Orange Juice, 20c lb.
Eastern Ham, 20c lb.
Cranberry Sauce, 20c lb.
Bart, 30c lb.
ger's Special Blend Coffee, 3c.
ger's Special Tea, 50c lb.
ger's Special Coffee, 10c lb.
ger's Special Tea, 10c lb.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

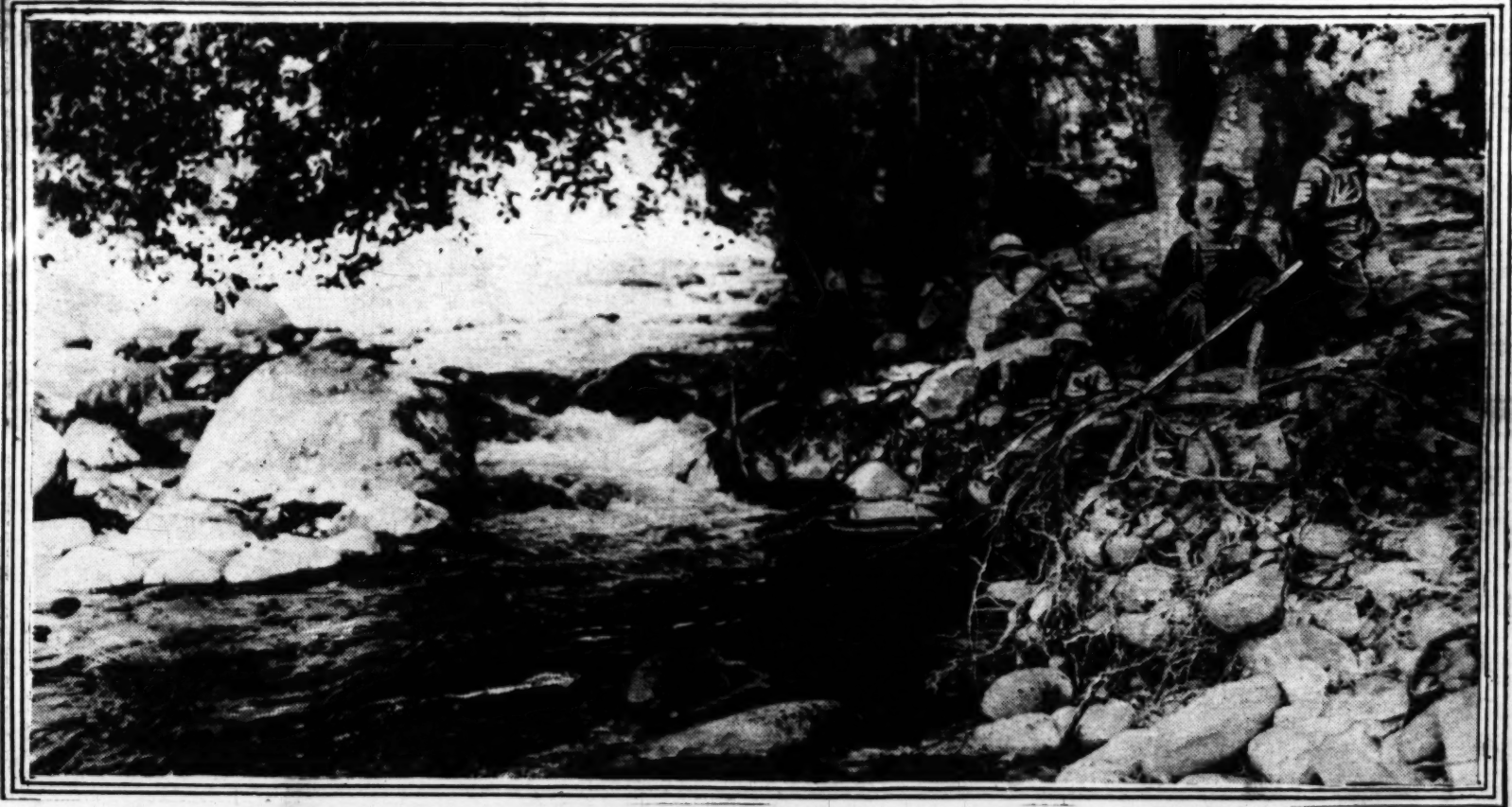
THE MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST

Chinese Dragon that Comes from Its Lair in Los Angeles on Festive Occasions.



California, land of the setting sun

A Shady Pool on the San Gabriel River.



[Photo by W. A. Hughes.]

With The Los Angeles Sunday Times for August 13, 1916. The Magazine is also Mailed Separately to any address ordered. (See Page 3.)

[193]

2 Pages
12 PAGES

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2 Trials, 2c
do, 2 cents

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Saturday, August 14, 1915

Los Angeles Times

Plant These Roses Now!

We desire to call your attention to the fact that the present is a most propitious time for the planting of all Roses. Set out now you can depend on a splendid display of blooms during the months of October and November. The plants will become firmly established, and in a condition to receive the full benefit of the Winter rains, which means a magnificent show in the Spring of the coming year. The quality of our stock is too well known to require comment. The plants are heavy two year old balled stock, guaranteed to grow; guaranteed true to name; guaranteed to be the best of their respective colors in commerce today; guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices include delivery to any point in Los Angeles or suburbs within the radius of our delivery system. These points include Glendale, Pasadena, Sierra Madre, Alhambra, San Gabriel, Whittier, Beverly and Hollywood. Price of any of the following magnificent varieties:—

Each 50c—Per Dozen \$5.00—6 Plants \$2.50

You may make your selection from amongst the following:—

BETTY—Copper and Salmon.
CAROLINE TESTOUT—Silver pink.
MAD. CECIL BRUNNER—Baby rose Pink.
CLARA WATSON—Shell pink.
COUNTESS OF GOSFORD—Bright satiny pink.
FLORENCE FEMBERTON—White, overlaid with pink.
FRANZ DEEGAN—Deep rich yellow.
FRANZ KARL DRUSCHKE—Pure white.
GEN. MCARTHUR—Bright red.
GRUSS AN TEPITZ—Dark red.
HARRY KIRK—Orange yellow.
HIGH DICKSON—Dark red.
HUGH WATSON—Rose red.
JOS. HILL—Copper and Salmon.

J. B. CLARK—Crimson.
KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA—Pure white.
LADY BATTERSEA—Cherry crimson.
MY MARYLAND—Soft pink.
MRS. JOHN LAING—Shell pink.
MARIE VAN HOUTE—Yellow.
MAD. LEON PAIN—Salmon pink.
MRS. A. R. WADDELL—Copper and Salmon.
MILDRED GRANT—Light pink.
MRS. ARON WARD—Indian yellow.
MARY, COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER—Rose crimson.
MAD. CONSTANCE SOUPERT—Yellow and carmine.

MAD. SECOND WEBER—Salmon pink.
MAD. ABEL CHATENAY—Salmon.
PINK KILLARNEY—Pink.
PRINCE OF BULGARIA—Salmon and copper.
PAUL NEYRON—Deep rose.
PRESIDENT CARNOT—Light salmon pink.
PINK COCHET—Deep rose.
PHARISAE—Salmon.
PEACE—Lemon yellow.
PEARL VON GODESBURG—Cream.
PERLE D'OR—Copper yellow.
ULRICH BRUNNER—Cherry red.
WHITE KILLARNEY—White.
WM. SHEAN—Deep rose.
WHITE COCHET—White tinted pink.

WINNIE DAVIS—Salmon pink.
12 Fine Climbing Roses
CAROLINE TESTOUT—Light pink.
CECIL BRUNNER—Salmon pink.
FRANCIS CROUSE—Rich crimson.
HENRIETTA—red.
KAISERIN—Pure white.
LA MARQUE—Pure white.
MAD. DRIOUT—Striped Henrietta.
MARCEL NEH—Golden yellow.
PAPA GONTIER—Rose carmine.
DUCHESS DE AUERSTADT—Deep yellow.
REVE D'OR—Apricot yellow.
WM. ALLEN RICHARDSON—Orange yellow.

INVITATION

Asters and other seasonable plants are now at the height of their glory. If you have under consideration the addition of any plants to your garden a visit to our nurseries will more than repay you. You will gain ideas which will be of service to you in attaining the best results. A visit to our grounds will prove an object lesson of what may be accomplished in the scientific culture of flowers and plants. Open Sundays. Everybody welcome.

A Message From Our Floral Department

When in need of cut flowers, floral designs, wedding decorations, etc., our florist department is at your service. The enormous increase in volume of this department of our business bespeaks the satisfaction given to our customers. We make a specialty of shipping to distant points. By skillful packing our goods reach the most distant points in a fresh and crisp condition. Do not hesitate to write, telephone or telegraph us your wants.

Howard & Smith

9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957

Do your share



WE DO OURS!

—we go to the expense and trouble of protecting your health, not only making our flour

ABSOLUTELY PURE

but keeping it PURE after leaving our hands

Therefore Do Your Share By Refusing Substitutes

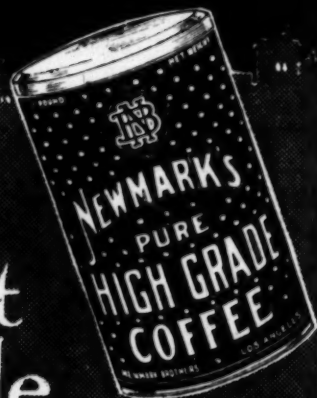
SEND THEM BACK
Substitution is an insult to your intelligence.

GREAT WESTERN MILLS
LOS ANGELES

The Sack that keeps the Flour IN and the Dirt OUT



Highest Possible Quality



RIKE.

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STEWART UNION TRIAL

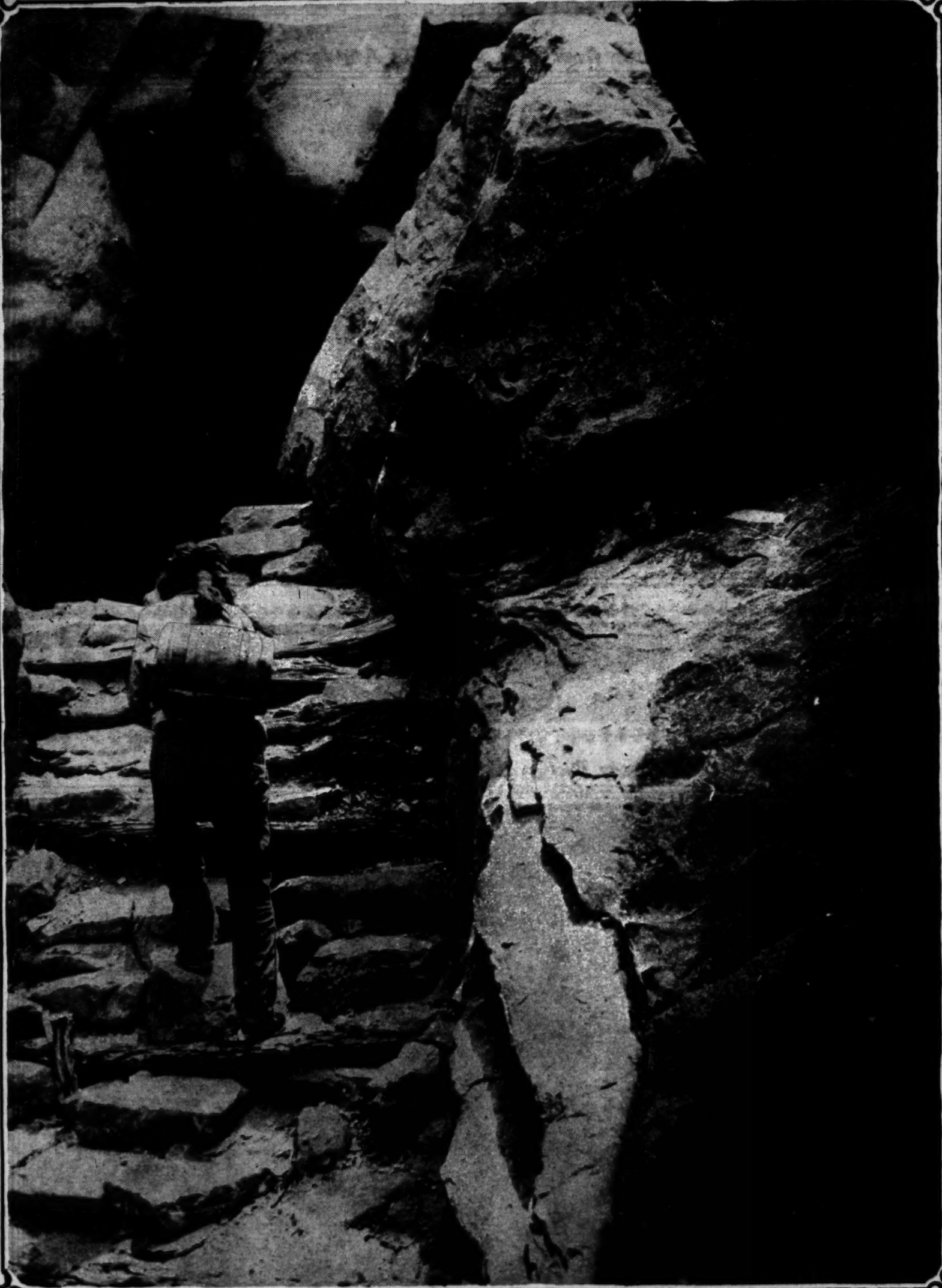
Anti-Stewart
on New L

Court will G.
of Facts t.

But Cause in
Pending D.

After fifty-two weeks of argument, the case of the Union Oil Company of California, which is being tried in the federal court here, will be heard by the jury on Monday. The case is the first of its kind in the history of the oil industry, and it is expected that it will set a precedent for the future. The Union Oil Company, which is one of the largest oil companies in the world, is being accused of having used unfair and deceptive practices to gain control of the oil fields in California. The case is being heard by Judge J. W. Smith, who is one of the most respected judges in the state. The jury is expected to reach a verdict by the end of the month.

The case has been fought in the courts here for several months. It has been one of the most sensational cases in the history of the oil industry. The Union Oil Company, which is one of the largest oil companies in the world, is being accused of having used unfair and deceptive practices to gain control of the oil fields in California. The case is being heard by Judge J. W. Smith, who is one of the most respected judges in the state. The jury is expected to reach a verdict by the end of the month.



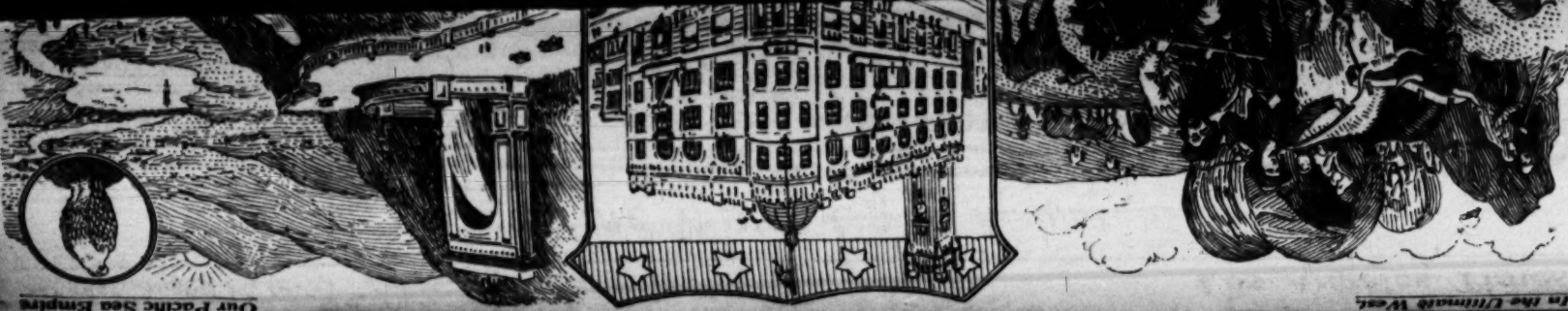
Carrying Water Up to Acoma.

Los Angeles Times

In the Ultimate West

Our Pacific Sea Empire

Printed by the Los Angeles Times



Carrying Water Up to Acoma.

Los Angeles Times

Saturday, August 12, 1916.



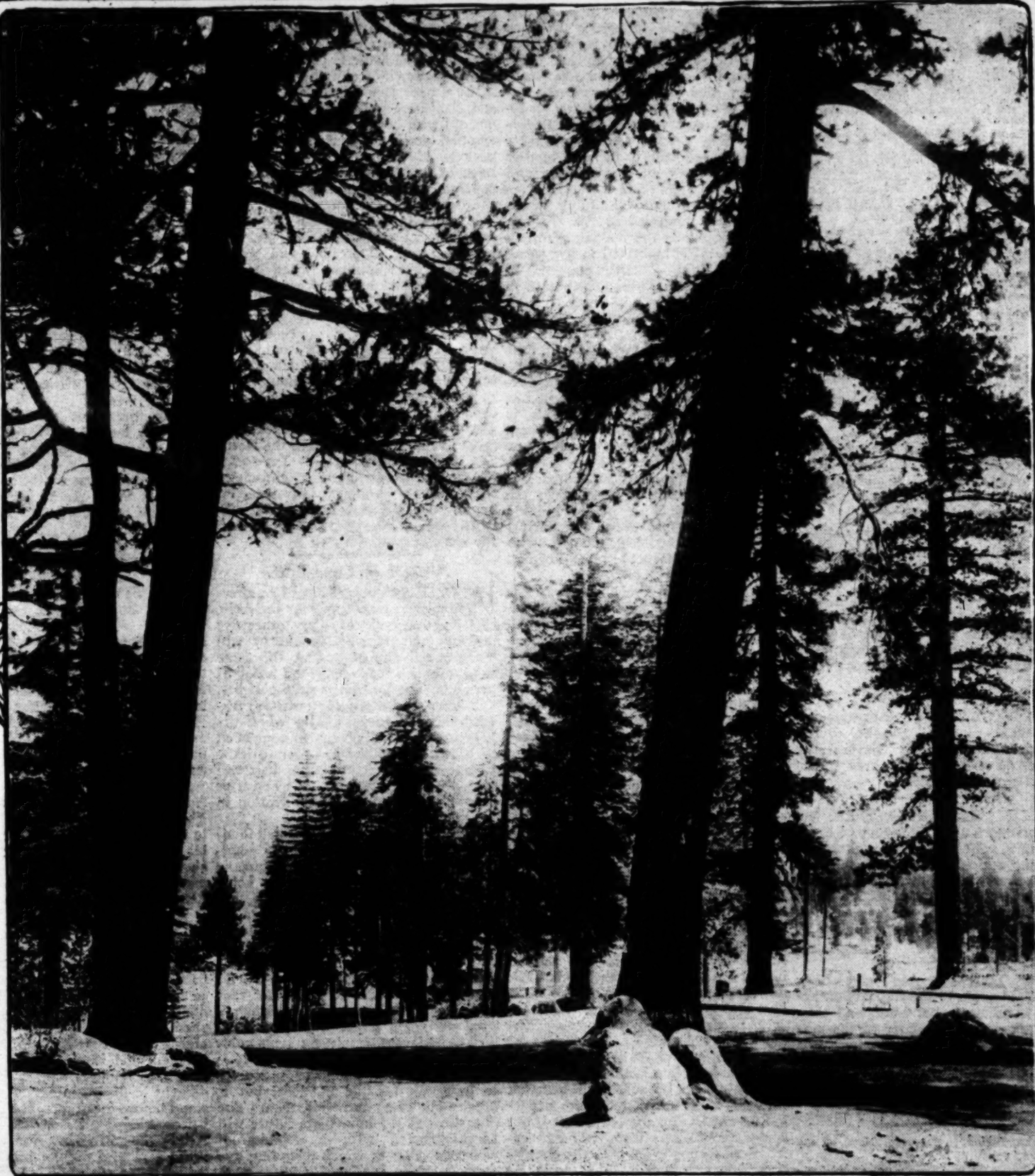
Illustrated Weekly Magazine

TEN CENTS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1916.

1781-1916.

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No. 5, 1916

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Before the year was more than two-over Jasper had begun to investigate

A certain Polish lady danced, with only momentary rests, for thirty-four hours; while an Italian dancer danced for fourteen hours, at the rate of eighteen waltzes an hour.

"You don't say so! What is he doing?"
 "He's taken to rolling his own cigarettes."

In each case the earth has been subjected to a different process of preparation. In one case waterglass has been added, in another soft soap and to the earth and soft soap in another case lime has been added. A 'grouting' of cement has been poured over the mud wall in yet another case and there is one wall made of earth alone.

Beating the Band.

BY EUGENE BROWN.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE.
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OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Dedicated to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the House, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation. It is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, deserts, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

WITH the 1917 models showing, Los Angeles can get a good idea of how her streets will be trimmed next season.

AGAIN the dahlias are nodding gracefully and flinging their bright smiles from a thousand gardens at their admirers of yesteryear.

LIFE will be good so long as there is a flower for each season and Los Angeles is thrice blest in having many blossoms for every season.

THE tourist always carries a camera, whether he sees anything to shoot or not. In Southern California he is distracted, for he wants to shoot everything.

LOS ANGELES still enjoys seeing pictures as much as she profits through making them. Several big features have lately run three weeks each to crowded houses.

WINFIELD HOGABOOM has written a charming story of early California, called "The Daughter of the Don," which is about to be released as a ten-reel photoplay. Because its fair heroine throws us her rainbow kisses of promise across the centuries, she might be called "The Daughter of the Dawn."

NEW YORK people have been afraid to go to the theaters on account of infantile paralysis, and they could not go in the water at the seaside resorts for fear of sharks. Los Angeles has been so fortunate as to escape both these menaces. The most timid summer girl out here has nothing to fear from a man-eating shark.

[London Punch:] Farmer: Now, let me see if you can milk that cow.
Girl (by vocation barmaid, regarding the horns:) Which handle's for the milk and which for the cream?

Enlightening Comparisons.
COMPARISONS, however odious they may be, or even odoriferous, are sometimes very enlightening. The Times has recently been impelled to institute a comparison between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It was not done to belittle San Francisco, nor to enlarge the reputation of Los Angeles. Comparisons are made to strengthen the minds of San Francisco people engaged in a terrible struggle to rid themselves of the tyrannous domination of labor-union organizations unrestrained in the violence to which they resort to carry out their ends.

In this work it is not necessary to go into the merits of the demands of the labor-union leaders, for no matter how legitimate the demands may be they become illegitimate when to gain their ends those who make the demands break the laws, resort to violence, commit arson and make brutal attacks upon their fellow-men, going as far as to commit murder.

The Federal government has recently published a statement showing the course of various industries in Los Angeles for the five-year period, 1909-1914. In some industries the report shows an increase in the five years of from nine to sixteen concerns engaged in them. Another shows an increase of from twenty-one to thirty-four. The meat packers' products doubled; so did those of the lumber firms and those of the printers and binders. In 1909 there were 113 firms engaged in automobile building, which in 1914 had increased to 214. Fifteen firms engaged in the making of men's apparel in 1909 increased in five years to thirty-eight. Twelve engaged in making women's clothing increased in the five years to twenty-seven.

Such advance has characterized Los Angeles industries at every time an analytical account has been taken during the last thirty years. San Francisco has made no such strides in its industries, and the reason is that in Los Angeles the open-shop principle is maintained. This has brought here not only a great amount of capital to be invested in industries but a great many of the most sober, industrious workers in various industries in the country. There is a public opinion here so virile that every civic officer feels compelled to do his duty to maintain law and order and to put down all violence and law-breaking.

This is exactly the opposite of the condition that has ruled in San Francisco, where in no industry of any importance is any nonunion man permitted to work at all, where the law-breaking unions dominate public opinion, intimidating peace officers from doing their duty and putting strikers in the saddle in every trouble-making that occurs in that bewildered community.

The situation in San Francisco comes about not because the business men of that city are any more in favor of the closed shop with its violence and violation of law than those of Los Angeles. It is simply that they lack the spirit and courage in the northern city that marks the character of those in Los Angeles.

What they have needed in San Francisco for years is leadership, and this they have not found. The leadership in questions like this always remains in the hands of the press. Unless the newspapers of the city take up a fight, it is lost before it is begun. Now the press of San Francisco has too generally been not merely indifferent or lukewarm, it has been actively engaged on the side of the lawbreakers. And this again is not because of the heartfelt interests of the owners of the papers in the cause they have espoused, but comes about solely from their cowardice, from a subservience to the circulation end of their concerns, a policy as shortsighted and fatal as it could be.

Perhaps we are "saying it as should

not say it," but really The Times has a right to wear a big plume in its hat because of its leadership for the open shop in Los Angeles. For thirty years it has been the champion, not only of the industries of the city and of the communities around, but really it has been the sincere and effective champion of labor. To it, backed by the support of the substantial men of the city, is to be credited the creation of the virile public sentiment which pervades the community, demanding the maintenance of law and order in the face of all trouble, at all risks and costs.

War Blows Up One Fake.

IT IS but a few years since a little coterie of self-conceived scientists started out to make rain at will. They proclaimed that the farmer would be no longer dependent upon the weather for his moisture, that the irrigation district would become neglected and its storage dams in the mountains would be things of the past.

The idea of these self-styled philosophers, or scientists, rather, was that by using heavy cannon and firing many shots the clouds would be condensed and be made to pour down rain at any given point at any time desired. Many a poor farmer here in California and elsewhere pulled the old stocking out of its rat hole in the farmhouse and emptied many good shekels into the pockets of these fakers in the vain hope of making brazen skies become covered with clouds and pour down the dew in copious quantities.

If there is one of these fakers remaining on the earth he must be keeping very still at present, and would fain hide his diminished head behind any old bush or any other concealment that would keep him out of the limelight of publicity.

If his theory had an ounce of truth under it the whole world would have been suffering a Noachian deluge during the last two years. Bombardment of great guns has gone on over hundreds of miles of territory, shaking all Europe from the Straits of Dover almost to Petrograd, and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. Yet so far as contemporary history chronicles facts this unparalleled cannonading has not brought one more drop of rain to any spot on the map of Europe than the normal precipitation.

Voices of the Night.

IF SOME genius will create an effective muffler or silencer for the dogs, cats and roosters of our otherwise peaceful and puissant people, he will make much money and at the same time confer a vast favor on a lot of peevish folk who like to sleep o' nights.

It does indicate a somewhat aggravating condition of affairs when the Mayor of a bustling city is compelled to break his routine in order to issue a proclamation directing the dogs and cats of the community to hereafter carry on their nightly conversation in whispers.

The Mayor admits his personal fondness for dogs and cats and his admiration for the work of the Humane Animal Commission, but he also holds the belief that every citizen is entitled to a certain amount of undisturbed slumber—that is undisturbed by the wild or tame animals of his neighborhood. The Mayor intimates that if a man loves his dog he should love it so well that it would not care to wander over into his neighbor's yard and yelp under his window all night. He would apply the same golden rule to the feline species.

The crusade for the noiseless rooster is hung up for the moment, but it breaks out every now and then. The bungalow of the immediate future will be constructed with a sound-proof closet or cellar in which offending live stock may be confined pending good behavior. People who have formed the foolish habit of sleeping must be pro-

noted in their frailties and any man who has a St. Bernard dog with a bone voice must somehow or other prevent the burly pet from trying out that voice at the same time his neighbor is storing up his beauty sleep.

If we cannot have the noiseless pup and the voiceless Tom we must arrange for them a discipline that will forbid their encroaching on our neighbors' slumber.

Ideas Plus Industry.

SOME self-conceived philosopher has said that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for untiring application. It would seem that this attempt to define genius would apply more appropriately to talent. It is also an obvious fact that many people, thoughtful otherwise, use language loosely. We would think the remark quoted above a case in point.

There is no doubt that talent, to make itself effective, requires untiring effort and unlimited application. Given talent and application, success is sure to follow in any man's career. Many of use are very much inclined to find fault with society, and lay all our failure to succeed at its door. Society is not a concrete fact. It is simply an abstraction invented to represent humanity in the aggregate. Nature has been very niggardly in her gifts to many of us, and where this is so no amount of effort, no matter how continuously it is applied, can lead to large success.

Those who find fault with society as the cause of their failure are wrong. Given a fair amount of talent, that is brains, and untiring application, and success will be achieved ninety-nine times out of every hundred. This may be proved by reference to any walk in life to which human beings apply themselves to reach success. Going back a little way, we find John Robinson, born on a farm in Western New York, who left home without a dollar in his pocket and became one of the greatest show men in America.

Then there was William F. Cody, otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill," a western boy who began life as a messenger boy. He went into the show business and made much money out of his Wild West show. His first trip to Europe was said to have netted him \$750,000.

Another show man was Maj. Gordon T. Lillie, who left his home in Kansas as a boy and was so poor that he had to make his way on foot. Fate led him into the show business, and now at a little over 50 years of age he is rated as a millionaire. Maj. Lillie was the discoverer of Oklahoma, which by untiring industry he wrested from a monopoly of cattle men and converted into a State. Oklahoma City and Pawnee City in the same State stand as monuments to this man's talent for business. He was known in his early days as "Pawnee Bill."

Another successful show man was Adam Forepaugh. His father was a Philadelphia butcher, and the boy used to deliver meats from door to door for his father's shop. Getting into the show business in a very humble capacity, he had a show of his own that netted him \$300,000 a year.

Was there ever a life more encouraging than that of Imre Kiralfy? He was a little boy when the revolution broke out in Hungary, and his father taking part in that unfortunate adventure had to flee with his family to Italy. The boy, finally came to America with no possession but a fiddle and a talent for music. He went into the theatrical business and is an illustration of the scriptural remark: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall not stand before mean men but shall stand before kings." So far as we know Kiralfy is still living, for within five years a picture of him has been published, taken in London, where he stood surrounded by the present King of Great Britain, by Queen Mary, and

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

"HOME, SWEET HOME." BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

FOR THESE HOT DAYS.

Pleasant Beverages.

[Elma Iona Locke:] For the hot sunny days there is nothing more healthful and refreshing than the delightful beverages made from fruit juices and other tasty ingredients. The careful housewife or hostess should provide plenty of variety to suit the capricious summer appetite, and it is hoped the following list may offer helpful suggestions. Lemonade and other fruit drinks are far better if made with a sugar syrup rather than with the dry sugar—that is, the sugar is first dissolved in water and boiled for a few minutes to form a syrup, which is used to sweeten the beverage.

Lemonade Variations.

For variety, one may make delicious drinks by adding to the ordinary lemonade some crushed raspberries, grated pineapple, or any fruit in season that has a marked flavor of its own to impart to the lemonade.

Nectar Cream.

To one pint of good rich cream add one-half cupful of pulverized sugar, three eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, a pinch of salt, one cupful of any preferred kind of fruit syrup, one cupful of cracked ice, and one quart of ice cold water. Shake thoroughly or beat with an egg beater, and serve very cold. This will make sufficient for half a dozen people.

Blackberry Julep.

Take two quarts of fresh blackberries and two cupfuls of sugar, and cook them together with two quarts of water for twenty minutes. Strain off the juice, add to it one cupful of orange juice, the juice of one lemon, one pint of cold water and one pint of cracked ice. Just before serving add a pint of red raspberries and a crushed sprig of mint.

Blackberry Vinegar.

Crush slightly three quarts of fine ripe blackberries and cover them with two quarts of best vinegar, let them stand for twenty-four hours, then strain through folded cheesecloth, squeezing them well. Pour this strained juice over three quarts of fresh berries, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, and strain, as before. To each pint of juice allow one pint of sugar, put into a jar, set the jar in a kettle of boiling water and keep the water boiling briskly for one hour, skim as needed, and when done and cold, bottle and seal. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup in a glassful of cold water makes a very refreshing drink.

Ginger Punch.

Chop one-half pound of best, preserved ginger, add to it one cupful of sugar and one quart of water, put all in an enameled pan and boil for fifteen minutes. Then add one-half cupful each of orange and lemon juice, cool, strain, and serve with crushed ice.

Mint Sangaree.

Crush two or three sprigs of fresh mint with a lump of sugar, add four tablespoonfuls of grape juice and half a glassful of cold water, shake thoroughly and strain into a glass half full of cracked ice.

Milk Shake.

Take rich milk or half milk and half cream, add sugar to suit the taste and flavor with vanilla. If milk alone is used, add the whipped white of an egg. Put all into a saw-toothed jar or bottle and shake until it foams, but not hard enough or long enough to make it buttery. Serve in large glasses with nutmeg grated on top.

Milk Lemonade.

Dissolve six ounces of sugar in one pint of boiling water, then mix in one gill each of lemon juice and raspberry vinegar. Add three gills of very cold milk, stirring thoroughly, and strain through a jelly bag.

Greole Syllabus.

To two quarts of rich sweet milk add sugar to make very sweet, then stir in one cupful of strawberry juice (or other fruit juice in season) and a spoonful of rose-water. Beat to a foam with an egg beater, and set on ice. Just before serving, add one pint of blanched and pounded almonds that

have been soaked in orange juice. Serve in small glasses with spoons.

Cream Soda.

Dissolve one pound of white sugar in one pint of rich cream, add one quart of water, one tablespoonful of vanilla, and one-fourth ounce of tartaric acid. Bring slowly to a boil, let boil for a moment or two, then pour into jars. Use one tablespoonful of this and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda to a glassful of cold water.

Ice Cream Cocoa.

Put a large spoonful of vanilla ice cream into the bottom of a tall glass, and fill up with chilled cocoa made with sugar and cream. Do not stir. Serve with long-handled spoons.

Egg Lemonade.

Make a good lemonade, but rather more tart than usual; take as many eggs as you have used lemons and beat them until thoroughly light, adding half a cupful of sugar to six eggs, pour into the lemonade, stirring briskly, and serve very cold.

Egg Shake (for One.)

Beat the white of one egg until stiff. Put the yolk, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half cupful of ice water, in shaker and mix until light and creamy. Add the white and shake again. Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a little vanilla and grated lemon rind, and again shake. Pour into a glass and heap whipped cream on top.

Oriental Punch.

Dissolve one cupful of sugar in one cupful of water, add six whole cloves, an inch piece of stick cinnamon, ginger root the size of a walnut, and put all over the fire to boil for six minutes. Let cool, then add the juice of two lemons and three oranges, and strain. Add one drop of oil of peppermint, and a little juice of boiled spinach to color it green. Serve chilled.

MILADY AND ATTRACTIVENESS.

Study Your Good Points.

[Pittsburgh Gazette:] There are two little rules which, when understood and learned, ought to form a basis for any woman who wants to look attractive. The first is bring out your good points and the second is conceal your bad ones. In other words, the art of dressing depends upon your remembering that you are an individual and determining exactly what kind of an individual you are.

Choose Graceful Footwear.

Cold-bloodedly considered, no woman with broad, short feet can improve their appearance by encasing them in a short vamp shoe that accents their already too wide and too short appearance. But that is exactly what the woman with the fat, pudgy little foot does. Watch her in the subway—there are dozens of her all unconsciously bringing out their very worst points.

If you happen to have a graceful, slender foot, it is distinctly worth your while to keep it well shod and accent your good points. If you have an awkward foot, make it as inconspicuous as possible.

COLOR AND GOOD TASTE.

Proper Combinations Essential.

[New York Evening Telegram:] It has been well said that color is the salvation of the impecunious. A good color sense will save many dollars in dress allowances, and the woman who can choose and blend her colors perfectly is the true economist in dress. To be able to contrast the right blue with the right pink, the soft gray with just the proper proportion of emerald-green, or of scarlet, or of black and white to make it a really distinguished gown is an asset worth having, and worth cultivating. It is for the absence of this sixth sense that so much dressing lacks distinction, and that the gown that has cost a great deal is so often somehow all wrong.

For the Business Woman.

The colors of the moment, by the way, are lovely in the extreme, and not at all difficult to live up to. The dark rich shades are the most correct. Dark greens, blues,

rich browns and lacquer reds are among the favorites, and to them the Bordeaux shades have somewhat given place of late. These dark colors are not only handsome but adapt themselves charmingly to the needs of the business woman.

HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

A Shakespeare Game.

[Woman's Home Companion:] The guests were arranged in a circle, and each was supplied with a pencil and with a card bearing the heading "Characters from Shakespeare." Beneath this were the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, the remainder of the card being left blank.

I started the game by saying that I had in mind the name of a well-known Shakespearean character which contained nine letters, which they were to guess. First, the lady at my right was asked to mention some letter which she thought might be contained in the name. She said B; but as there was no B in the name, I passed on to the next lady.

She gave E, which was the fifth letter in my word, and which I told them all to place below the figure 5 on their cards. The same lady then ventured A, which found its place below the 9. Her next guess was T; and as this was wrong I passed to the third player, and thus continued around the circle.

Scoring the Points.

When by and by to the E and A there was added a D in the fourth place, that was sufficient to furnish a clew, so that one of the company divined the rest and called out "Desdemona," thus scoring one point.

Another lady then started a name, for which she directed the players to put down seven figures. The name turned out to be Shylock. Then followed Rosalind, Wolsey, Brutus, Cordelia, and other names, until each player had had one turn at propounding a name. The one scoring the most points was declared the winner and was presented with a volume of Shakespeare.

FOR GIRLIE.

The Neatly Tailored Suit.

[Dallas News:] A girl in a neatly tailored suit, even if it be of the mode of year before last, is sure to look well if her hat is smart and becoming, her boots neat and well chosen and her gloves fresh and immaculate. If I had a limited amount of money to spend on clothes, I think I should be tempted to spend most of it in pleasant details.

Graceful Collars.

It is always worth while to wear graceful collars that emphasize the pretty contour of a throat; or well cut skirts that suit the swing of a finely poised figure. In choosing the details that shall bring out your good points and in managing the larger matters that shall throw your awkwardness into the background you will find you have made a definite step toward looking attractive.

CARE OF THE PERSON.

Patting Supersedes Massage.

[Lina Cavalleri in New York American:] The cheeks require drastic treatment. The muscles being large and heavy, it requires strength to call the blood through the intertangling meshes of muscles and to feed all the multiple tissues. For this reason patting does not suffice. The cheek muscles require deep, firm pressure. The pressure should be given slowly, with the tips of the fingers, the hands straight, and resembles more than anything else the kneading of bread.

Prevent Sagging at Neck.

The patting process is excellent for the neck. Between the tendons the flesh is liable to sag, and the patting draws the

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Infections and Contagions.

CONSIDERABLE confusion exists in the minds of most people as to the correct meaning of the terms "contagious" and "infectious" diseases. The former term is applied to diseases which are transmitted from one person to another by direct contact, or by contact with some object which has been in contact with the patient. The latter term is applied to diseases which are transmitted from one person to another by indirect contact, or by contact with some object which has been in contact with the patient.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Philadelphia Press:] To clarify fat which has become dark put it in an enameled saucepan with water and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Boil for twenty-five minutes, cool and drain off the water.

When making doughnuts, if the sugar is dissolved in the milk before adding to the mixture the cakes will not absorb the grease.

To keep milk toast from becoming soggy, serve the boiling buttered milk in a covered pitcher, so that each person may himself pour it on the toast.

HEARTSEASE.

Quicken the Understanding.

[Unity:] Sinners do not need scolding by the prophets of the Lord. They get enough of that from their associates. Every word of condemnation, expressed silently or audibly, adds to the sinner's burden. Those who are in darkness need a light. Ignorance disappears when understanding is quickened. Darkness, ignorance, sin, are not real and should never be thought about as having any power to hold or control men. When we think about them as powerful and real we add our thought-stuff to their darkness, and "how great is that darkness!"

The True Happiness.

If happiness has not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise or rich or great,
But never can be blest;
Nae treasures nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrong.
—[Robert Burns.]

KEEP COOL—WEAR A CALIFORNIA SUN HAT.

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THE TIMES MAGAZINE.

Beating

BY EUGENE BROWN.

RECENTLY we have been organizing—or rather reorganizing—the Amphion Cornet Band. Dock Doremus said that they would be wanting some swell music for the inauguration ball and if we'd practice up this fall we might be able to nose out the job. We felt rather sore at the way we were treated at the San Francisco fair. We really organized the band to accommodate the exposition—seven of our artists being native sons of guns. But when we offered to arrange a season's contract the management didn't seem to be crazy over the idea—that is, not our way. But they must have been crazy, because they hooked up with Sousa, Creatore, Pryor, Ellery, Innes and other foreigners, and never gave us a call. All they said was that "they had placed our application on file."

Now wouldn't that dent your conk?
There we had gone and spent \$5 apiece with Shears and Sawbuck for a uniform of scarlet cheesecloth, trimmed with white chiffon and blue chevrons. It was a regalia that could be seen and heard for nine city blocks and would have been a distinctive feature of the big show. As director of the band I had my own togs made of Swiss cheesecloth, so that they would be still more light and airy. But it made no difference. The baritone went into us just the same.

broadly as the budget. The art of good government begins with the budget. You need a change of heart among your officials. As citizens you have a right to know what is done with every dollar of your taxes. This knowledge can be obtained only by co-operation between yourselves and your city officials. The matter of budget-making is entirely outside of the ordinary run of affairs, and for it you need an enlightened and intelligent civic body."

Dr. Norman Bridge followed, speaking of the foolishness of lessening the budget when consideration was given to growth in population of the city. He said: "It is easy for a city government to make a great showing in its budget. They can cut it down and make it appear as though they had effected a great saving, but they really have effected a great crime."

The taxpayers of Los Angeles are very generous. They are in for every proper improvement and ready to pay heavily for anything that goes for the betterment of the community. They have been a little easy-going in this in the past thirty years, and the officials have taken advantage of this, consciously or unconsciously, to increase taxation until the people have been forced to cry out for some relief.

While we hear much of the evils of dust, little is said of its benefits. As a matter of fact, dust plays an important role in nature. Without dust there could be no blue sky nor any diffused light; man's only light of day would be that directly radiated by the sun.

Light is produced by the vibrations of ether in the form of waves of variable length, varying in extent according to the color of the light; and the waves are differently reflected, according to the dimensions of the grains of dust that they meet as they descend to earth. The fine dust reflects only the shortest waves, the blue. Dust of medium thickness reflects the yellow and the green waves, while the coarsest dust reflects none but the red.

We owe the blue of the sky to the fine dust in the atmospheric heights, where the air is purest. When the wind sets the dust in motion the blue turns to gray. The smoke of a cigar is blue as it issues from the weed, while the smoke emanating from the mouth of the smoker is whitish gray, because the particles of the gray smoke have increased in volume by fixing water vapor. The blue-smoke of a burning cigar is like the blue sky, and as the water vapor is fixed by the smoke close to the mouth of the smoker so the vapor risen from the seas is condensed on the particles of atmospheric dust.

IT GOES without saying that no man will attend to another's business with the same care as he will attend to his own. It is a rare thing when any person puts the same energy and attention into public business as he would put into his own affairs.

This accounts for the great cost of every public office from the lowest in the smallest city up to the expenditures that go through the treasury of the United States. The taxpayers are fleeced and robbed at every turn, not so much by downright dishonesty as by careless indifference on the part of those charged with the expenditures of these moneys, simply because

We kept up our practice for several weeks, to the intense interest of our neighbors, who admired our staying qualities at any rate. Then Hod Skinner, who played the K-flat cornet, got a job at barking for the dog show at San Diego and busted up our programme of instrumentation. You can't run a cornet band on a piccolo and trombone and so the band languished almost to the point of dissolution.

What Skinner is back on his old beat. His wife said he could come home if he would cut out the booze and forget the fairy he met at Coronado. So he jumped a jitney and arrived here with his silver-throated music-maker. Also we have a newcomer in the neighborhood in the person of Llewellyn McGregor, who not only performs on the saxophone, but has a wheeze of bagpipes on which he produces the most wonderful melody. He says it is the most militant music in the world, and we believe him. The bagpipe works both ways. It makes men fight and it makes men run to get away from its frenzied harmony. The bagpipe is the only reason in the world why a Highlander can chase a German out of his trench. The bagpipe is a sort of a surgical operation set to music.

We welcomed McGregor's saxophone, but we told him if he attempted to play the bagpipes at the inauguration ball there would be war with Mexico sure. He said he wouldn't think of playing them unless he wore his kilts, so under the pretext of safety first we made him surrender his plaids and I locked them up in my sun parlor.

Then the Amphion Cornet Band was restored to its place in the musical world. We call it Amphion after the most ancient geezer who ever striped a lyre. Amphion was one of the numerous sons of Old Man Jupiter and was the leader of the Olympus Orchestra. He was married to Niobe, who afterward cried her eyes out while sitting up waiting for him to come home from band practice. Amphion was such a swell performer on the lyre that even the cobblestones danced to his music. Joshua was so lusty of lung that when he blew the trumpet the walls of Jericho tottered and fell, but Amphion was so seductive with his notes that when he twanged his instrument the rugged rocks climbed of themselves into position as the walls of Thebes. The little Saturday night concerts on Olympus with Hebe and Ganymede rushing the growler, were about as fridlesome as a double wedding in Little Bohemia.

Although none of our bunch had ever played the lyre they named the band Amphion after me. I didn't exactly see the connection, but they explained that my being the leader of the organization they wished to honor me in a small way, and so we let it go at that.

At one time I did some remarkable work as a one-man-band, but now that I have only a slide trombone and a snare drum I can't double up with myself very well. It is hard

A good trombone player should have a prehensile lip like a moose or a tapir, but he also has to have a pretty good reach with his fins, especially when he is doing basement or undersea music. Therefore it is that an active and alert trombone artist has scant time or opportunity for any other instrument, least of all a snare drum, which would be in the way just as the performer was unswallowing a foot or two of his beloved brass. I am told that the trombone is one of the most venerable tools of harmony. In the most ancient literature it thrived under the name of the sackbut and the name it now wears is a weld of words meaning an elephant's trunk with a pump in it, which is a fair description of what it resembles to the careless observer. When I was a mere infant I fancied that a trombone performer had to be a wizard. It seemed to me that a portly and phlegmatic Dutchman who could nonchalantly poke a couple of yards of twisted brass tubing down his gullet must be a necromancer with the accent on the neck. When I grew up I didn't want to be a pirate or a preacher, I wanted to be a trombone player. Lo, I am he.

When the Amphion Cornet Band goes to the inauguration it will be able to put over some swell music, including "Listen to the Mocking Bird" with twitter effects and a medley of American patriotic airs written by Scotchmen for the English army.

Our organization is not as large as the Marine Band, but as a compact little company of music makers we have the world by the ears. Sometimes when we meet for practice, in order to get quickly through the book, each member will play a different tune. While Heck Saunders is finishing up "Dixie" on his piccolo, I will be going strong on "How Can I Leave Thee," on my trombone. The neighbors say the effect is indescribable and that our band will doubtless get the engagement on resurrection day for waking up the dead.

The night we rehearsed at Skinner's house Prof. Pillsbury, who lives next door, had us pinched for disturbing the peace, but Pillsbury is an old grouch with no soul for music. No matter how great or good you are the neighbors are the last to admit it. Jack Van Groove, who lives next door to me, asked me to let him know when the band would be practicing at my house. "Do you want to ask in some friends?" queried I. "Not by a darned sight," answered he, coarsely, "I want to arrange to be in Santa Monica that night."

"I rather hoped so, but I wasn't sure," he retorted.

And yet Van Groove claims to know something about music.

Then there was the night I took the bunch out to serenade the Sweeley girls. Hattie

had just returned from the city and had not heard of our organization. We gathered in the shadow of the magnolia tree in the front yard and were going over "Stars of the Summer Night" with pianissimo affects. We thought we were doing finely—in fact we knew it, but when there was a lull in the harmony we heard Hattie screaming: "Great heavens, maw; the Black Handers are blowing us up!"

But in spite of these reflections on the part of the jealous, the foolish and the unjust we are proceeding with our plans and almost every week we are adding a new piece to our repertoire. I asked Able Frankenstein to come out and hear us play his "I Love You California," but he says he is too busy and also that he and his men have got so they can play it pretty well themselves. He doesn't think we can show him anything. Perhaps not, but you never can tell. I showed Channing Ellery how a man can wipe his nose while playing a slide trombone and back East Heck Saunders used to be able to play his piccolo while wearing heavy warm mittens.

I fancy that the proudest moment in the next President's life will be when he comes to his box at the inauguration ball and hears the Amphion Cornet Band bust forth into the robust notes of "Come Where My Love Lies Screaming."

That will be something worth while.

"HOME, SWEET HOME," BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

Infections and Contagions.

CONSIDERABLE confusion exists in the minds of most people as to the correct meaning of the terms "contagious" and "infectious" diseases. In medical parlance the terms were formerly carefully used and carefully distinguished, as indicating two very different types of diseases, but at present the words are used interchangeably, without even a shade of difference in their meaning. Indeed, the words "contagion" and "contagious" are obsolescent in medical literature, the newer terms, "infection" and "infectious," being considered more accurately descriptive.

"Contagion" is a word of ancient origin, and as applied to disease suggests a condition that is transmitted by actual contact, such as in touching the afflicted person with the hand. This type of disease was supposed to be entirely different from the epidemic forms, which were transmitted through the air, or some other medium, and not dependent upon actual contact. But the discovery that microscopic plants and animals, comprehensively known as germs, are the cause of diseases, altered the view of disease-transmission very materially. Contact with germs was necessary for the transmission of any disease, and the specific cause of the disease remained the same, whether the germ was transferred by means of actual bodily contact, through ingestion of food or drink, or inhaled in the air.

Since the germ itself, rather than its particular method of transmission, is the important item, and as the term "contagious" was not sufficiently comprehensive, and somewhat misleading, the words "infectious" and "infections" were coined as a matter of descriptive expediency. And these terms have gradually replaced the older ones in most of the recent medical literature.

Salivary Superstitions.

One of the popular and undoubtedly commendable crusades at present is that waged against the spitting nuisance. Yet curiously enough, the task of the crusaders has been made difficult by certain superstitions about saliva which, although reminiscent of the Dark Ages, still persist among an amazing number of apparently intelligent persons.

America, thanks to its tobacco-chewing proclivity, is pre-eminent among nations in the matter of profuse and accurate expectoration. But this country is entirely out-classed by the European nations in the matter of superstitious beliefs about the curative effects of the salivary gland secretions. As an example of this, Dr. Howard D. King recently cited the following: "In parts of Scotland warts on the hand are supposed to vanish with great celerity should they be anointed each morning with the first spittle formed by their owner's salivary glands after awaking. The most extraordinary part of the story is that there seems to be a degree of truth in it. In America the curative power of spittle is vouched for by many of the intelligent classes. The wounds of dogs are said to heal best if treated solely with the injured animal's tongue."

"In county Meath the cure of warts is accomplished by first spitting upon the hearth immediately after arising; following this, a second installment of saliva is applied to the wart. In applying the spittle to the wart the second finger must be used. The use of the first finger would be disastrous."

The Ideal Food.

Prof. O. F. Hunziker of Purdue University, who is an authority on food values, commenting upon the fact that the average person consumes only a little more than a glass of milk each day, asserts that we are neglecting our opportunities to utilize the best, cheapest, and most nourishing of all foods. "Statistical records show," says Prof. Hunziker, "that the average person in this country consumes about two-thirds of a pint of milk per day. If the consumer were familiar with the true value of milk as a food, it is safe to say that the daily consumption of milk would be doubled. This increase in the consumption of milk would mean better nourishment, more normal digestion, more vigorous development, larger bony structure, better health, more vital energy in the per-

formance of all kinds of work, mental and physical, and a smaller monthly board bill for the family.

"The above assertions are no longer a matter of assumption but they are facts amply proven by experiments and by experience. Milk has no equal as a food for man and its equivalent cannot be purchased at as low a price in the form of any other animal food nor can its combined beneficial properties be found in any food which mother earth offers to man.

"Milk is a complete food for the sustenance of the human body. It contains all the necessary food elements, and nature has placed them there in the proper proportion for young and old. The food elements in milk are present in such form that they are more digestible and more easily assimilated than the same food elements in other forms of food products."

Where Fools Rush In.

The cock-sureness of ignorance is one of the characteristics which distinguishes human beings from the lower animals. Examples of this human peculiarity have been brought into the limelight recently in the form of suggestions for checking the epidemic of infantile paralysis. The newspapers have been deluged by these suggestions, most of them coming from persons who confessedly know nothing whatever about the disease, but who, like Mark Twain's magician, Merlin, "actually believed in his own magic."

The New York Tribune recently published some of the remedies offered, which included "hydrotherapy, vegetarianism, sugar and eggs, faith, salt water, and a vast number of other things, the letters usually beginning: 'Infantile paralysis, in my opinion, is bred from the same source as summer complaint; or 'The prevailing epidemic is, I believe, a form of grip; or, 'The present plague can easily be arrested by following these simple rules; or, 'The epidemic is largely psychological, etc."

"It is not possible and it would be clearly unprofitable to publish all these interesting opinions, or guesses. They come for the most part from well-meaning people who make no pretense whatever to the slightest experience and many of whom are quite willing to admit that they have never treated or ever seen a case in their lives. It is interesting to observe that the most dogmatic are not at all embarrassed in confessing their ignorance, and the assurance that a great deal of thought and labor has been expended in studying the disease does not impress them in the least. They smile patiently at all doubts about their qualifications and proceed to descant upon the virtues of their invaluable remedies. Most of these people in ordinary times make up the rank and file of the societies of antivaccinists, antivivisectionists, and so forth. They believe that the whole medical profession is in a conspiracy against common sense."

Suicide and the Aged.

An examination of records in France shows that "frequency of suicide runs parallel with age, and the maximum is attained in the most advanced period of life." The records throw some light on the question as to whether or not people cling tenaciously to life in spite of age and misfortunes, at least in France. But English statistics, and such American records as are available, indicate that the outlook on life of elderly and unfortunate Englishmen and Americans is somewhat different from that of senile Frenchmen. For in Anglo-Saxon countries the suicide rate falls off rapidly after sixty-five.

The most frequent cause of suicide among aged Frenchmen is physical suffering. But there is no evidence that Frenchmen are more afflicted in this respect than their 'cross channel neighbors. The frequency of the resort to suicide, therefore, seems to be due to temperamental rather than physical peculiarities. In any event, life appears to be more attractive in its last stages to Englishmen than to Frenchmen, just as it has the outward appearance of being less so in the earlier years of life.

Infant Mortality Rate Zero.

Persons and societies interested in reducing infant mortality are showing peculiar interest in a report, which is confirmed by the French Academy of Medicine, that during a period of ten years "no child under one year of age had died in Villiers-le-Duc, and no mother had died in childbirth." Since this record has never been equaled by any other town, the methods of this favored town for preserving the lives of its babies have become the object of thoughtful scrutiny.

It appears that, prior to the tenure of a certain Mayor, the infant mortality rate in Villiers-le-Duc was from twenty to thirty per hundred. But this Mayor, although not a physician, introduced certain measures which were also carried out by his son, who succeeded him in office, which reduced this mortality rate to zero, and has kept it there for a decade. The essential features of the method, which might be carried out in any municipality, are as follows: There is strict supervision and sterilization of all milk, and a general medical supervision of all infants. In addition, "Every pregnant woman lacking the means to provide for her own welfare and that of her child, has a right to assistance from the village authorities. She is allowed a certain sum, and given competent medical attendance during her period of incapacity. And, if she can show a healthy nursing a year old, she is entitled to a municipal grant."

There is nothing elaborate or particularly expensive in this programme, and yet it appears to have produced most remarkable results.

Deafness and Seasickness.

There is one place where deafness has its advantages: this is on sea voyages. For deaf persons do not become seasick readily; and persons who suffer from congenital deafness are absolutely immune to this ailment.

The peculiar manifestations of seasickness have been observed ever since the dawn of history; and for centuries efforts have been made to locate the organ in the body that is definitely responsible for this condition, and to find a means of preventing it. Yet, despite the number of observers and the long time period of observation, one vital but entirely commonplace fact escaped detection—the fact that deaf and dumb people do not become seasick. This observation was first made a few years ago by Dr. W. James, and indicated conclusively that the structures of the ear, not the gastric apparatus, are responsible for seasickness.

This discovery has been confirmed by various experiments, during the course of

which it developed that there is a direct relationship between the sensitiveness of the internal structures of the ear and the tendency to seasickness. It was found, for example, that persons who are nauseated by ear douches are peculiarly susceptible to the rocking motion of a boat.

The discovery of the seat of the difficulty stimulated efforts to find a way of overcoming it. Thus, it was found that douching the ears with cold water would relieve the symptoms, but only during the actual douching process, so that the remedy was quite as bad as the disease. Indeed, none of the newer remedies seem to be any more effective than the old, although some persons are said to get relief from plugging the ears with cotton at the beginning of the voyage.


[The Christian Herald:] A young mother hearing her two-year-old crying loudly rushed to him and inquired anxiously, "What is the matter?"

"The dog bit me," was the tearful response.

"Where were you when the dog bit you?" "Boo hoo! I was—I was by—I was by—the dog!"

[Puck:] "I am out of work, sir, and"— "See here, my man, I gave you 50 cents last week."

"Well, sir, you've earned more since then, haven't you?"



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CALIFORNIA, ALLURING LAND OF THE SUN.

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

(Saturday, August 19, 1916)



THE simple life! That is the Eagle's life. It is the best life, the same life, the successful life, the right life, the natural life. Every Eagle in the tribe lives the simple life, and so every Eagle in the tribe fulfills the object for which he was born, is successful in his career, as nature meant him to be, and is happy at all times.

The simple life is the best life for men, because it is as natural to them as to the Eagle tribe. Yet few men live the simple life, and this is why so many men live unhappy lives, unsuccessful lives, and fall in the career for which they were made. They eat too much, and that produces not all the ill that flesh is heir to but all the ill that men bring upon their flesh, for flesh is not heir to any ill. The man that lives the artificial life in eating gets dyspepsia, has to be cut open for appendicitis, and undergoes all the excruciating pains of the gout.

The Eagle is just as simple in his mental life as in his physical life, and man is more artificial in his mental being than in his physical life, and that is artificial enough. Artificiality is unnatural, and no being can break the laws of nature without suffering the consequences of the violation of the law. You are mentally so artificial that your life becomes too temperamental. A certain amount of temperament is natural to man and is wholesome and good for him; but when you become diseased temperamentally then nature is revenging herself upon you for the violation of her laws.

These reflections were brought to the mind of your Eagle by perching on the shoulder of a friend as he had been reading a French novel. It was written by Edouard Rod, a Swiss of French descent. He was a pupil of Emile Zola, and that accounts for

his disordered temperament, for Rod's mind was not formed on the plan of nature, but his mind was very far from the simple life of the normal man. This romance of Rod's starts wrong in its very title, which is "The Race to Death," "La Course a la Mort." Now every man knows that to every man death comes soon or late. But it is not normal nor natural to be dwelling upon that last event in human life, and here is where your artificiality of mind comes in to revenge itself upon you. In one of the first chapters the book quotes from St. Augustine: "If there should happen to me anything of happiness, I would not have the courage to seize it, knowing in advance that it would fly away from me before I had become possessed of it." Now, years ago the Eagle perched on the shoulder of the same friend as he read every word of St. Augustine's great work, "The City of God." He was a great man, but far from infallible. He started wrong by following a sect of philosophers whose doctrine was that everything was bad and that the true way to live was to abuse the physical life by every kind of excess in order to kill yourself and thus escape from the evils of life.

That was not right; was not natural; and, although Augustine was a father of the Christian Church, it is not Christianity, but the very opposite of anything that Christ taught.

Later on he finds a quotation from some Latin author to this effect: "Injure no one, but help every one as much as you can." Now, the Eagle, as he watched the reading, thought he had reached the end of pessimism, for surely, he thought, now the author will find the simple life and follow it. No pessimist ever followed the injunction of this Latin quotation. But the author did not follow it, for in the very next chapter he quotes somebody who says: "I have children. I am then sure of surviving myself. Something of me will subsist through all the ages." Here again pessimism gets hold of the author. He finds that children are more of a burden and obstacle than a help. He is pessimist all the way through. Listen to this from the book: "To decorate the Parthenon or to burn the temple of Diana, what does it matter? The fire is put out and the Parthenon falls into dust. And immortality, what is it? An illusion

upon duration, a survival of a few centuries which count for nothing, for in the infinity of time the centuries are not even the same thing as the stars, the most fugitive in the infinity of space."

This author finds a young girl, beautiful, refined, intelligent, highly educated, and in every way worthy of his love. For years he stands before his love like a goose on a dunghill, first on one foot then on the other, incapable of making a forward movement. At one time he is wildly in love; the next moment he is indifferent to the woman, and in the third phase in a few hours he has contempt for all women, and comes to hate this particular specimen. Now, that is not the natural life, not the simple life nor the Eagle's life. For every Eagle mates promptly, establishes an Eagle's home and raises an Eagle progeny. That is the natural, the successful and the happy life. Here is the way this man of too much temperament regards the matter. Speaking of the girl he loves, he says: "I have a disgust even of that which I do not know, or, rather, I have the sentiment a little too lively that disgust is in the heart and at the root of everything, of these grand, infinite joys to which one aspires in his dreams as the most easy pleasures, of this love which is translated by the greatest works and the noblest actions, as of the bestial passion which makes you follow the girl along the sidewalk, of the efforts of the most fruitful thought as of the most ineffective work of a mere clerk in an office, or a stony break upon the king's highway."

The author takes his hero through every form of religion, from the most ancient Hindu to the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, the Christian, and he finds nothing but falsehood in them all. After he has got through the whole study of religion, he finds his soul in this condition: "A heavy bar runs through my body. It is frightfully cold. It freezes me and chokes me. I feel that no effort could deliver me from it. Then, slowly, without that its weight diminishes, it is displaced, it changes itself little by little, it finishes by filling me entirely from the throat through all my entrails."

His race toward death is swift. He says that something in him just fails to go to sleep. "As a horse, whose saddle hides a

pin which pricks him so that he cannot understand. At present this something does not go to sleep. I know the needle which pricks my murdered flesh. This something which tortures, this needle hidden in the old wound. It is life. Oh, how I hate it in all its manifestations!" The Eagle cannot understand the man.

Over toward the end of the story he delivers himself of this piece of philosophy: "Chance is charged with the arrangement of my life. I am liberated from the most heavy duties. I can do that which I wish. But do I wish anything? Among the whole crowd of incoherent desires can I choose one and follow it?" He turns to books, and here, for a moment, the Eagle thought he had found himself and had got something on which he could act. He talks about cultivating his mind to make it wide, as a gardener waters a plant rare and slow to flower. And this would be happiness, he says. Listen: "Today nothing more stops me from realizing this dream. I can go and settle, no matter where, down there. For example, in that quiet valley where I might find peace." Go to it, says the Eagle. Go and find peace and happiness if you can. But he says: "Ah, well, I hesitate. I am afraid of that liberty which I so much long for. At the moment of quitting Paris I felt myself attached by ties which I did not know were so solid. In spite of all that has made me suffer, Paris remains my chosen city. I have faith in Paris, and I love it." He thought he did, but he didn't, any more than he loved anything else.

He had too much temperament. His life was too full of artificiality. He did not live the simple life. He violated the laws of nature, every one of them; and nature avenged herself upon him by making his heart unhappy, his life a failure, and so there was nothing for him, like Goldsmith's maiden who had sinned, "but to die." And the Eagle says the sooner the better, and when it's over peace to his ashes.

Yours for the simple life,

The Eagle



READING between the lines of letters from my English friends, a tragicomic state of affairs is evident in connection with the Belgian refugees.

It will be recalled that in the first emotional days of the conquest of Belgium, as the wretched refugees flocked into England in their thousands, sympathy ran high and heroic. English homes were opened on every side and desolate Belgians ensconced therein. But international sympathy must be strong and elastic indeed to stretch over two years of cohabitation under one roof. The whole mode of living, habits, food, tastes, ideals of forlorn visitors are as different as can be imagined. With the best will in the world, daily irritations, owing to the conflict of personal habits and points of view, evidenced themselves. We all know that even our dearest friends can and do outstay their welcome beneath our roof; social intercourse is only happily possible on the strict limitation of visits. And in the case of the Belgians there is a language difficulty in the bargain, replete with opportunities for misunderstanding. So, while England was fiercely insisting upon her devotion to Belgium, and Belgium reiterating gratitude to England, the individual personal question has been daily growing more acute as time goes on. The helpless Belgians have obtained work and independence where they could, but the majority of them are still, alas now, unwelcome visitors in private homes—an unwilling expense and tribulation to many thousands of English families. The English are still stern in their devotion to Belgium; the Belgians are

still loud in their gratitude to England; but individual English families are feeling that perhaps they were unlucky in getting the wrong kind of Belgian, Belgians wondering if perhaps Fate was against them in sending them to that particular household. The laws of hospitality tremble on the brink of disruption, and the cry goes up "How long?"

Nothing will help to hasten that longed-for peace conference more than this small but virulent factor. It will considerably modify England's once arbitrary vows on the terms of peace. It is a subtle, insinuating form of frightfulness that is slowly but surely working its influence—this invasion of the sacred precincts of the Englishman's home by his foreign ally. The lengthy visit of a mother-in-law is nothing to it. Familiarity breeds contempt.

Wrist Watches and Pajamas.

SINCE the masculine wrist watch has come to stay, isn't it about time that it was rescued from the effervescent indictment of being "effeminate"? Of course, we all agree that one can't hurl a more scathing taunt at a man than effeminacy, even in these loquacious days of efficient womanhood, but why the wrist watch as the supreme indictment? Indeed, the man who dares to wear a wrist watch in face of this ridiculous public opinion shows himself rather considerable of a man. For the man who drives a car, nothing could be more sensibly convenient than a wrist watch. And watch snatching becomes almost impossible when the time-piece is strapped firmly to a masculine wrist.

Nowadays we are apt to regard the young woman who affects pajamas as being at least as sporty as she who smokes cigarettes, and certainly as usurping male prerogatives. But it wasn't so very long ago that pajamas were considered absurdly effeminate, with their gaudy color and bright stripes. Virile masculinity clung ferociously to the nightshirt, and condemned the pajama heroes with no uncertain ridicule. Even now it is safe to say that the men who still cling to the conservative nightshirt regard themselves as superlatively masculine, notwithstanding the ignominy of being caught in public in the undignified garment.

If smoking were now being introduced to

a waiting civilization by a modern Sir Walter Raleigh, and exploited by him as a soothing habit of Indian femininity, accounting for the lack of addiction to "nerves," masculinity would dub it effeminate and scorn to patronize the seductive weed. But tobacco happened to come to us with a different form of introduction, and, behold, it becomes a stern masculine preserve, upon which the female poaches at her peril.

Things have come to a pretty pass when we have to bolster up our masculinity with such specious devices. I should say that the real test of masculinity is being able to annex any innovation that comes our way, wear what we jolly well like, and still remain indubitably men. The Bulgarian can wear frilly skirts and still shine forth a man. How many of us could do the same? The great masculine lordly Moor, with his immense shoulders, fine head, strong face and muscular physique would not be a tithe as impressive in our stupid coat and trousers as he is swathed in his flowing robes.

I am inclined to think that the man who affects a wrist watch, because he finds it more convenient, treating the fibes of his fellows with amiable indifference, is far more of a man than he who clings to silly traditions to uphold his sex. It takes a real man to wear a wrist watch, and it certainly takes indubitable masculinity to wear a nightshirt with anything approaching dignity.

Not Even a Sporting Chance.

WHEN Dr. Burton, a California college professor, spoke before the Channel Club meeting recently, he undertook to read the prize poetic play which recently won the laurels in the competition inspired by the Chicago Magazine of Poetry, of which one Walter Stevens is the author. He precluded his remarks by assuring his audience that it was an utterly rotten play—senseless, meaningless, wholly lacking in poetry or reason. He then proceeded to read it in the most ridiculous vein, interjecting facetious comments of his own, exaggerating what he considered to be its weak points. We all know how easy it is to make the most sublime passage ridiculous. A Shakespearean drama read in that vein could be utterly inane.

I was conscious of a great sympathy for

the unknown author. It recalled a bitter experience of my childhood, when I had poured out my young soul in a poetic effusion to my best girl, and, by low underhand means, it became the public property of my unromantic family. They read it aloud, those fervid heart throbs of mine, in just the same manner that Dr. Burton read that forlorn, friendless play. That my child hands were unstained with the blood of my entire family is due only to the fact that they were all so much bigger than I.

The poor devil's prize play was not given even a sporting chance. I could undertake to make the Bible itself sound silly, if read as that play was read. That brain-offspring was murdered amidst the giggles of the crowd with no less callousness and less justification than Herod vouchsafed to the infants of immortal memory. Herod at least felt he had a logical reason for killing off infants. Dr. Burton killed the prize play from sheer malice, butchered a helpless infant for a Channel holiday.

The Strength of a Flower.

[Youth's Companion:] A rock split asunder by a growing tree that has found lodgment in what was at first only a small crack is a familiar sight to most people. The force that a tree exerts in accomplishing this feat is tremendous; but relatively it is not equal to that exerted by the flower that Mr. John Burroughs describes in a recent book, "The Breath of Life."

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of plant force I ever saw was in a western city, where I observed a wild sunflower forcing its way up through the asphalt pavement; the folded and compressed leaves of the plant, like a man's fist, had pushed against the hard but flexible concrete until it bulged up and split, and let the irrepressible plant through. The force exerted must have been many pounds. I think it doubtful if the strongest man could have pushed his fist through such a resisting medium.

Life activities are a kind of explosion, and the slow continued explosion of this growing plant rent the pavement as surely as powder would have done. It is doubtful if any cultivated plant could have overcome such odds. It required the force of the untamed hairy plant of the plains to accomplish the feat.

The present is a good time to tear up a hill.
New Lawns.
has now, in three years, produced a veritable
thicket ten feet across.
and two feet deep, with no lateral and
very few fibrous roots. It was broken off at
the lower end and two feet deep, removed to
a new location and planted as before. It
has now, in three years, produced a veritable
thicket ten feet across.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Branton.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

THE RANCH, THE ORCHARD, THE GARDEN

Rural Progress Reviewed. By M. W. Hartranft.

Avocados in Egypt.

THE Ministry of Agriculture at Cairo, Egypt, has recently sent another order for avocado trees to be shipped from the West India Gardens at Altadena this summer. The avocado tree (alligator pear) had not been introduced in Egypt until one year ago, the reports from which are entirely satisfactory. It is understood that the climate at Cairo is semi-tropic, and undoubtedly very much suited to the establishment of this industry. The order consists of thirty-six trees, divided into nine different varieties.

Early-bearing Avocados.

In a visit to some of the avocado nurseries last week we found many were enthusiastic over the performance of the Pueblo variety. At the Sherwood nursery near Altadena there are many young trees of this Pueblo variety that are maturing from four to six pears right in the nursery row. This also applies somewhat to the Walker's Prolific variety. The nurserymen are rather encouraged in their work by this early bearing of the young trees, because the output of many young trees in the nursery rows this year will be greater than the selling price of the trees.

The possibility, however, that this early fruiting will tend to produce a dwarf tree should be carefully considered. With plums, apricots and trees of that character, it is well to look out about stunting the growth of the tree by early fruiting.

Punish Firebugs.

A landscape artist, smoking a cigarette on a slope adjoining Beverly Hills, set fire to the mountains. A score of homes were placed in jeopardy of destruction. One hundred and fifty men were required to prevent the flames from spreading over the mountains, and a great patch of over 100 acres in Golden and Clearwater canyons was burned over to lie naked and bare under the coming winter rains.

Regardless of pity and sentiment, such firebugs must be punished. The laws of the State of California are not nearly strong enough to prevent the outbreak of fire in the foothills. The Federal Forest Reserve is carefully guarded. The private lands in the foothills have scant attention.

There are scores of men acting as State fire wardens who are voluntarily helping to keep this evil reduced to the minimum. However, the State law makes it impossible for these volunteer fire wardens to stop people from burning brush or grass on their own land, even though they are placing hundreds of thousands of acres of adjoining land in jeopardy. The State fire warden's hands are tied until the fire once crosses onto adjoining lands.

There should be a local convention of the State fire wardens in Southern California, and plans should be adopted to give publicity to the subject. A warning should be given that any one who took the responsibility on their shoulders of starting fires in the open during the summer would be vigorously prosecuted if they were so unfortunate as to spread fire onto adjoining lands by reason of their work.

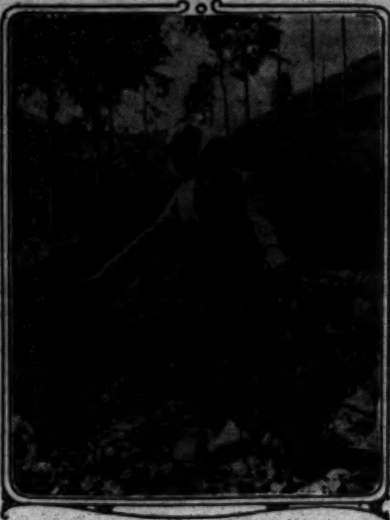
Pending the enactment of further State laws on this subject, it would be a very wise thing for the County Board of Supervisors to pass an ordinance prohibiting the burning of brush or grass in the open without the supervision and permit of a local fire warden.

This ordinance would have a salutary effect, and those who violated it would do so knowing that severe punishment would be meted out to them for any damage they did to the community interests.

In France, Germany and other older countries, the owner of hill land is not even allowed to cut his own trees without permission of the government officials.

We have a great many steps to take in this question of forestry in Southern California, and we must proceed rapidly or the very foundations of our civilization will be torn by floods from under us.

The recurrence of big floods in Southern California are but the outcries of nature for a restoration of the balance between forestry and agriculture. Owing to the long dry summers, it is difficult for these moun-



DWARF PEACHES IN BORDER ROW.

From a commercial standpoint the dwarf fruit trees are very much questioned, but as a border row in the garden where ample variety with limited quantity is aimed for, they are a joy indeed. The waist-high peach trees shown herewith have attained full growth and crowd the garden space but very little. Local nurserymen are preparing to meet the demand for dwarf trees next season.

tains to become reclothed with this forest growth.

The Pacific Coast stands alone in the possession of a miniature forest known as the chaparral. These hardy, but dwarf, forest growths must be jealously guarded. The rockier places must be reforested, and the burned spots should be set out with pine trees.

Apples or Alfilerilla.

A correspondent at San Gabriel writes to this department, asking for information about a market for alfilerilla seed, of which he has about 100 pounds already and is ready to gather several times that quantity.

The correspondent wants to know if the orchardists use it for green manuring. It appears that the seed houses use a limited quantity of this seed. To our knowledge it is not used to any extent for green manure.

Alfilerilla is an excellent forage plant, and the cattlemen and sheep herders often buy the seed to restock their hills with this particular growth, after it has been loosely pastured out.

It is possible that Fresno and Bakersfield would be the best market for alfilerilla seed—or any other place where they make headquarters for sheep-pasturing.

The correspondent does not spell the word "alfilerilla" correctly, and it reminds us of the experience of one of our local seed houses. Many years ago they received an order for twenty-five pounds of this seed from an old German cattleman near Salt Lake. Any one familiar with the appearance of German script will recognize the ease with which an American clerk could read the word misread alfilerilla, especially if misspelled. The seed house shipped twenty-five pounds of apple seed, and the German stockman was furiously disgusted with American commercial procedures.

Clothing the Hills.

It is pleasing to note that Southern California is old enough and sufficiently able to enter upon the project of covering our naked hills and mountain slopes. The following letter from James W. Bryan may be of interest to many who will help in the campaign to make beautiful pine and eucalyptus trees grow where none grew before:

"I am very much interested in the growing of trees from seed and forestry work.

"I would like to see all our foothills covered with trees, but the question arises what would be best for our dry slopes here in San Bernardino county.

"I wish to do some testing in this locality this coming winter, and I would like to be put on the right track.

"I think our conditions here are different than in Los Angeles county mountains.

"You have it cooler in summer and more

fog, which makes it easier for a young tree to live through the first summer or two.

"Where can I secure seed the cheapest to carry on this work, and what kinds would you start on?

"Where can the American Forestry magazine be secured?"

Answering the last question first, the American Forestry magazine is published at Washington, D. C., by the American Forestry Association—subscription price \$3 per year. This magazine should be in the hands of all men interested in this subject and on the table of every public library in the State.

The correspondent will find wild-flower and forest-tree seeds with the leading nurserymen of Los Angeles, some of whom are making a specialty of this line.

In the matter of planting, there is not a great deal of difference between the results in the mountains near Los Angeles and those in the San Bernardino district. To make either pine or eucalyptus trees grow upon the hillsides and mountain slopes, one must be a keen observer of conditions and deeply interested in his work. About all that can be given in printed instructions consists in warning you that all pine trees should be at least two years old, and they should be transplanted two or three times before planting on the mountainside permanently. This transplanting from the boxes to the nursery-row and retransplanting, gives opportunity for slight pruning of the roots and causes the formation of an enormous mass of small fibrous roots which insure a good establishment for the young trees in their final home. The ground must be thoroughly wet from rains, and the planting should be done as early in the winter as this condition exists.

We have found that the successful experience in this work was accomplished with the bare-root system, but the tree roots were submerged in buckets of water and carried from the nursery in this way to the field, and at no time allowed to dry out. The planter must not have one man going along digging the holes, and another man coming along and dropping the trees, followed by a third man who comes along and plants them. To make a thorough success the holes must be properly dug, and the planter should lift the tree with bare roots from the water, and firmly establish it in the ground without delay of unnecessary seconds.

In the matter of planting eucalyptus, results are obtained much easier. The Red Gum (Tereticornis) and the Sugar Gum (Carnycalix) are supposed to make a better growth on the interior hillsides than is the Blue Gum (Globulus), but here in Los Angeles county we have found the Blue Gum did better on the interior hill slopes adja-

Eye Vacation

Warm Weather and Poor Vision Go Hand in Hand.

Perhaps you have noticed that your eyes bother you more in warm weather than at other times. It may be that you have never given the matter a thought. There is, however, a reason for it. Every Oculist will tell you that a continued "hot spell" will bring him more business than at other times. When the humidity is great and the system is low par, the effect is more noticeable in the weaker parts.

If your vision is poor or if you are not wearing properly fitted glasses you should correct the trouble and let your eyes have a rest. They will work well for you if you give them proper consideration. It is so much more satisfactory to have your work done well than to have it half done. In caring for your eyes you should consider nothing but the best.

If it is good, careful palmist, conscientious, scientific work you want, I'll give it to you. Work that gives results that last. If you need glasses I will look after them for you until the finished product is delivered to you so we both may know we are right. There is now absolutely no excuse for one neglecting his or her eyes.

In examining your eyes, I take nothing for granted. My examination rooms are thoroughly equipped with scientific instruments which give positive results. Then I prove it to you by your own eyes. I do not use "dopes" in the eyes for examining them, neither is the examination tiresome to the eyes. An experience of twenty-four years behind the examination. No extra charge. Many unnecessarily deprive themselves of my expert services, thinking my charges might be too high. To such I state my charges are always very reasonable, depending upon the character of the work required. I give personal attention to each patient and results must be satisfactory.

Owing to the large demand for my services on account of the care and painstaking work which I do, patients are sometimes disappointed in calling at my office in not being able to see me. Therefore it is advisable, for your convenience, to write or phone me for an appointment. Phone A2674.

C. N. Hopkins, M.D.

SUITE 334 LAUGHLIN BLDG.
312 South Broadway, Hours: 9 to 4,
Also Wed. and Sat. Even. 4 to 7:30.

few beautiful flowers and horticultural shrub, adopted for our national flower. A wishes Kalama lilloa, a strictly southern tree from one of the southern States, who some agitation has been started by a party old but very narrow-minded by a party for this country crops up. Just now the Congress adopt a floral emblem. E. VERY few years the question of hav-

A National Flower.

cent to San Fernando than either of the other varieties.

For the best pine trees to plant we quote from T. P. Lukens, the forestry expert at Pasadena, as follows:

"For the hardest places the Pinus attenuata (Knob Cone) is the best of all, pinus Coulteri next.

"On northerly slopes or along the bottom of the canyon the Libocedrus decurrens (Incense cedar) will do well.

"Pinus halepensis, of which there are a number on Henninger Flats, growing quite openly, but tall and many pointed cones on them, will grow well for you and go to make a variety.

"The big cone spruce (Pseudotsuga macrocarpa), growing on way to Mt. Wilson, is one of the best to plant, but there are no seed or trees to be had now; they are fruiting a little this year, and ripen in September."

No Loafers in Switzerland.

It is rather difficult in Switzerland to try to live without working. In that commonwealth the people proceed upon the theory that a man who is unemployed is, if left to himself, liable to become a waste by being a charge and a tax upon the community. The Swiss, therefore, consider the problem as an economic question to be solved by the state.

The purpose is to assist the unfortunate unemployed to secure work, but not for the sake of his family but in the interests of the commonwealth. There is no toleration of the loafer. Begging is prohibited by the law, and vagrancy is classified almost as a crime.

Should an unemployed person not make a serious effort to obtain work, the authorities proceed to find it for him, and when they do he is compelled to perform it. If he refuses to work he is placed in the workhouse, where strict discipline is maintained, and every inmate required to work to his full capacity, receiving therefor his board and lodging and from 5 to 10 cents a day in wages.

There are in Switzerland institutions where temporary employment may be had by persons out of work through no fault of their own. They receive comfortable accommodations and some money compensation until they can find more remunerative wages.

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Are You Suffering from Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken-down Arches, Callouses, Bunions, Etc.?

Call on us for relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the feet that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO.
731 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles

Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

JUDGING by the bank clearings, July was a good business month in California generally. San Francisco shows considerable increase compared with the same month a year ago, the clearings being \$277,981,616, compared with \$226,600,967. Los Angeles shows a handsome increase too, with \$109,538,932, compared with \$92,315,114. In a list published by the California Development Board giving the clearings in nearly a dozen cities, Pasadena is the only one showing a falling off, and that is very slight.

Another business pulse is building records. The showing of these for the month is not quite so good. San Francisco leads, with a small increase over 1915. San Diego registers a good deal of increase. The same is true of Fresno. In percentages, Bakersfield shows the biggest increase, the building there for July, 1916, being a good deal more than twice as much as in the same month the previous year. Los Angeles, which usually leads all the other cities in this respect, shows a slight falling off.

THE great war prevailing in Europe has produced a very abnormal demand for nearly every metal dug out of the earth, the increase for some metals being phenomenal. California is, as usual, coming to the rescue of world industries in supplying the deficiency. Nickel is a very rare metal, Canada producing the greatest amount of all the countries. Down in San Diego county a ledge of nickel-producing rock has recently been discovered. It is an iron-nickel sulphide yielding more than 4 per cent. of nickel. Copper is also present, and the indications are favorable for the discovery of platinum, in the same rock.

Near by in the same locality has been discovered a molybdenum sulphide usually known as molybdenite. It is found in a fine-grained granite and yields about 1 per cent. of the mineral. Only one prospect is reported as located, but the surrounding country seems favorable for other discoveries of this valuable metal.

THE United States Geological Survey has published a bulletin calling attention once more to the wonders of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, or of Arizona. The bulletin says that the Grand Canyon is more than a mile deep and from eight to ten miles wide. "The cliffs descending to its depths form a succession of huge steps each 300 to 500 feet high." The cliffs are the edges of hard beds of limestone or sandstone. The intervening slopes mark the outcrops of softer beds. The series of beds is more than 3000 feet thick, and the beds lie nearly horizontal. Far down in the canyon is a broad shelf caused by the hard sandstone at the base of this series, deeply entrenched by a narrow inner canyon cut 1000 feet or more into the underlying granite. "The rocks vary in color from white and buff to red and pale green. They present a marvelous variety of picturesque forms, mostly on a titanic scale, fashioned mainly by erosion by running water, the agent which has excavated the canyon."

LAMANDA, the name of a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, is rather a badly formed word. It is composed of the Spanish article "la," meaning "the," and "Amanda," a woman's name. The woman after whom the place was named was the wife of the founder of it, the late L. J. Rose. Amanda means one to be loved, being a Latin participle with a peculiar idiomatic meaning in that language. The excellent lady after whom the park was named was certainly a most lovable woman, and her memory finds a fitting shrine in the beautiful city by the foothills east of Pasadena.

Lamanda Park is a foothill suburb both to the city of Los Angeles and to her sister, Pasadena. The good roads campaign has put Lamanda Park very definitely on the map. It is situated at the junction of five important boulevards. The townsite is covered with an abundance of large live oaks. Lamanda Park has an excellent financial institution in

the First National Bank, with its columned front, tiled floor and mahogany fixtures. The building covers a ground space of 35x75 feet, is of brick construction, covered with white cement. A new office and store building has just been erected adjoining the bank, by the Vanderhoof Investment Company. It is of cream enameled brick with columned front, making it fit in very symmetrically with the bank building.

Lamanda Park has prospered during the last couple of years, with much building and street improvement. It has a bungalow section close in, while farther from the center of the city are some of California's finest country estates, the homes of retired people, some ranchers, others Los Angeles and Pasadena business men.

THE sizzling weather which has covered the East and the Middle West from Maine to Colorado, accompanied as it is by a very high percentage of moisture, has been a distressing experience to the people in that part of the country. With a temperature of from 80 to 100 deg. Fahrenheit and with a moisture of 98 per cent., the human body does not breathe enough oxygen, but rather the lungs are filled with steam. This must be got rid of, mostly through the pores of the skin, and with the air full of moisture there is little or no evaporation.

This condition makes the call for cooling drinks loud and imperative. And this is proving a bonanza to California lemon growers. The California lemon has the monopoly of the markets of the country, owing to the cutting off of the supply from Sicily because of the war. Now the crop of the State is only about half the amount of lemons consumed in the country. So with two parched mouths yelling wildly for one lemon, prices naturally go up. The returns from the eastern markets show lemons selling there at about \$6 a box, or quite twice the average price. These reports come from the auction rooms where little of the choice fruit finds its way, and actual sales have been made at \$9 a box and upward. Blessed is the man who has a good California lemon grove when prices are like these. And the fruit is a blessing to the poor people in the East, in that it brings so much relief in the stifling summer days.

NEARLY fifty years ago there arrived here in Southern California a French Basque known as Francisco Graxide. He brought \$11 in his pocket. He remained here all the time since, until his death some time ago. The other day the executor of his estate appeared in the Probate Court of Los Angeles and asked permission to distribute the accumulations of fifty years to his heirs. They amounted to \$446,747.47. The deceased Frenchman, coming from an agricultural community, settled at Puente, where he probably went into the sheep business, as did most of the Basques who came to Southern California. They were for the most part a sober, thrifty people, minding their own business and making excellent citizens. As time went on, like many of his countrymen this one added to his agricultural holdings near Puente, and the result was that he died leaving an estate of nearly half a million dollars.

SHIPS are scarce on all the seven seas, and the Panama Canal has been closed for a good many weeks during the past year. Then for two months at Los Angeles Harbor there has been raging a nasty strike precipitated by foreign longshoremen whose wages were five to ten times as high as they ever received at home. They had full stomachs, well-clothed backs, and like Jeshurun of the Scriptures, "they waxed fat and kicked." To be sure they kicked their own lunch buckets over, and that was about the net effect of their rumpus. When their frames got to the condition they had been accustomed to in their old homes, where they were often obliged to take up another hole in their belts to make their stomachs feel less empty, they wisely went back to work.

Now the lack of ships, the closing of the canal and the strike were rather a severe strain on the harbor. But in spite of this Los Angeles harbor went serenely on its

way, and during the fiscal year ended June 30, there were handled at the harbor 312,237 tons of freight more than passed through the harbor in the preceding twelve months. The total tonnage for the last fiscal year amounted to 2,651,785 tons. The inbound merchandise amounted to a total of 1,306,075.35 tons, estimated to be of a value of \$56,981,466. The total outbound domestic commerce was 648,851.32 tons, valued at a little more than \$14,500,000.

During the fiscal year in question, 2787 ships of a net tonnage of 3,223,023 arrived. When the conditions become normal, a vast commerce may be expected to pass through the Los Angeles harbor in and out.

IT IS a good sign for the times and the harbinger of a better manhood that no university in our day is minus a gymnasium. Sixty years ago there was quite a hubbub kicked up by American intellectuals when colleges began to install gymnastic paraphernalia. The cry was that the schools were meant to develop the intellectual and spiritual life of the young men in them, and that their physiques should seek development outside of schools or go undeveloped. They forgot the Latin proverb of "Mens sana in corpore sano." It took a long time to persuade the American high-brows to take a favorable view of the gymnastic training in the schools. But persistence won the day, and therefore it is not a surprise to read that at the University of Redlands a gymnasium is about to be built. This is a new institution of learning in Southern California, but, new as it is, it had a gymnasium long ago which was burned down during the spring.

GARDEN CITY has been known as the name and also as a sobriquet for cities time out of mind. Pasadena has put a new wrinkle into this idea by getting herself dubbed the City of Gardens. And there is a difference, if you will take notice, between a garden city and a city of gardens. Pasadena has many resplendent gardens that match anything in the world for their beauty of landscape gardening, of greensward and of flowering shrubs. There is perhaps none like the Boboli Gardens at Florence, Italy, nor none like the Pincian Hill at Rome, but there are others with a flavor all their own, a peculiar glory of Southern California that makes them just as fascinating as anything abroad. Pasadena gardens are private affairs, too, and are being continually added to. The latest garden of this kind in Pasadena is that planned for E. H. Story to surround his new home on Hillcrest avenue.

THE Associated Chambers of Commerce of Orange county expect to assemble at Fairview August 29 to hear reports from the Orange County Harbor Commission on a harbor at Newport Bay. It is expected that the report will show that the harbor can be built in good shape for \$500,000. Newport harbor is not a new one on the map. After San Pedro and San Diego, it is the third historical one in Southern California. Lying as it does, surrounded by the rich lands of Orange county, sure to teem with a dense population in the future, it would appear as if the harbor was worth every cent of the proposed cost.

WHEN, a couple of years ago, a syndicate of eastern millionaires, led by Frank A. Vanderbilt of the National City Bank of New York, purchased Los Palos Verdes Ranch, information was given out that it would be made a high-grade residence district equaling anything in the world if it did not eclipse everything on earth. The plans of these millionaires are about to be carried out in streeting the spot in a way that will indicate the luxury expected to prevail there in the future. A boulevard twenty-six miles long is to be constructed, which will connect the southern terminus of Western avenue south of Lomita with Portuguese Bend and Point Vincent. From the plans as reported it would seem as if this boulevard was to follow the contour of the hills as they naturally lie. Substantial and artistic concrete culverts and bridges are to be built

across the intervening canyons. This will mark the beginning of more extensive work planned by Mr. Vanderlip's syndicate to transform a large portion of the ranch into homes for people of great wealth.

THE Angeles National Forest embraces a large slice of the mountain range that protects Los Angeles from cold northern blasts. It is an entrancing region full of fine woods, of babbling streams and cool mountain breezes. The fame of this national forest has gone abroad widely over the country, but the government intends to make the fascinations of the spot more familiar to the eyes and minds of the American people. Expert photographers have been sent into the region to make pictures, for film and other use, of the beauty spots in the national forest. These forests are used not merely for places for tourists to visit but also for actual settlement for people who wish summer homes.

THE Southern Pacific is right on the spot in the railroad race to build a line from Grafton to Greenspot. The Santa Fe is reported to be not idle, for work will be started at once on the line from Mentone, and this may go to Yucaipa.

Construction is to begin soon on the irrigation line known as the Chatsworth to San Fernando Valley. It will take 24,000 feet of four-inch pipe, and the initial outlay will be between \$3000 and \$5000.

The State Railroad Commission has granted authority for the issuance of capital stock by the Visalia Electric Railroad to extend its lines into the Tulare citrus lands.

Pasadena is to have two more handsome residences, one for George A. Weber, a Connecticut railroad man, to go at the corner of Sierra Bonita avenue and San Pasqual street, and to cost \$30,000, the other for R. D. Davis on South Los Robles avenue opposite Alexandria Court to cost \$40,000.

Work is being rushed on a three-story brick school being built on Fifth street at the harbor to cost \$105,000.

The Standard Oil Company of California is reported to be about to begin the construction of a series of pipe lines from El Segundo to the Los Angeles Harbor.

The Salt Lake Railroad Company is advancing its plans to build a branch line from Pico Station to Santa Ana.

Plans are being prepared for the Southern California Edison Company for a three-story addition to its building on Fourth street just below Main, Los Angeles city.

The high price of sugar has stimulated the granting of two bonuses of 50 cents each to sugar-beet growers of Southern California. This gives the growers \$1 a ton on an estimated crop of 850,000 tons of beets.

A big deal is reported in Yolo county real estate including 25,000 acres at \$500,000 to be subdivided and put on the market. Of course Los Angeles capitalists are in the deal.

The assessment of the city of Santa Ana for the fiscal year is \$6,786,460, an increase of \$133,185 over last year. Fullerton is assessed at \$4,278,705, an increase of \$645,850 over last year.

The receipts at the Los Angeles postoffice for the month of July amounted to \$181,868.37, an increase over the same period last year of \$12,250.52.

Redondo Beach had great days last Saturday and Sunday celebrating the opening of its new pleasure pier that cost \$125,000.

Northwest Los Angeles is becoming celebrated for its schools. A new institution of learning is to be located there is the Westlake School for Girls, which is to go on the Westmoreland hills, on Westmoreland avenue and Fourth street. The buildings are to be started at once.

A pretty improvement is going up at the corner of Seventh street and Benton Way for the real estate man, P. W. Croake, who is having erected there a series of stores of very handsome design.

(Passing Show:) "I 'spect they refused Jim cos o' that growth at the back of 'is nose."

"Growth? 'E never mentioned no growth to me."

"No. 'E called it 'is fice.

MAKING THE CITY AND HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Gardens, Streets, Parks, Lakes. By Ernest Brauntton.

A National Flower.

EVERY few years the question of having Congress adopt a floral emblem for this country crops up. Just now some agitation has been started by a patriotic but very narrow-minded Representative from one of the southern States, who wishes Kalmia latifolia, a strictly southern shrub, adopted for our national flower. A few benighted florists and horticulturists in the village of New York and in other little towns thereabout also indorse the "wicky." For there are several species of Kalmia in that little southern neck of the woods, all much alike, and one is called wicky, surely a dignified name for a floral emblem for the mightiest nation on earth. Other names for these species are lamb-kill and calf-kill, for the foliage is poisonous to live stock. Why not feed some to the one who seeks to thrust his own little local scheme on the whole country? No Kalmia will thrive in more than one-fourth of the United States.

What we need, and earnestly desire, is an emblem that is national and not sectional—something comparable to our "blooming heagle, don't you know." A few years ago the golden-rod was suggested, and it surely is representative, for some of the many species grow luxuriantly in every State in the Union. But it is a weed, and when it is in blossom it is the vilest of all flowers for producing hay fever and asthma in thousands of our patriotic citizens. A columbine society has for years tried to thrust its flower upon us; but it does not succeed in many sections; nor is it impressive or sufficiently enduring. We must have something tried and true.

Now comes a veteran iris grower and wishes us to adopt that flower, the national emblem of France; but this one point alone disposes of the iris, fine flower that it is. We might, with good warrant, urge our California poppy, for it thrives gloriously in every State in the Union if fresh seeds are planted every spring. But we do not wish our Uncle Samuel to consider it to wear on his official lapel for one second, except on special occasions and in honor of the Golden State, it is so distinctly Californian, so typical of the Golden West. It blooms so continuously, by thousands of acres, when nearly all other States are under a mantle of snow, and shivering humanity is interested in live coals or hugging a steam radiator, that it never could be typical of a less glorious clime than California; so that we shall always enjoy an uninterrupted monopoly of our own glorious golden emblem. But we feel for dear old Uncle Sam, and, without being able to offer him anything tangible, we sincerely wish some section of our great domain could offer him something as typical of the nation as Eschscholtzia California is of the Golden West.

Chrysanthemum Culture.

The first mums planted should now be ready for feeding, for they will be two or three feet high if well grown. There is no better food than liquid fertilizer, made from dairy stable manure to which water has been added. After standing twenty-four hours or so it will be strong enough to use, and should be diluted to the color of weak coffee and poured around each plant. Use weak and seldom at first, and still weak but oftener as the season progresses. Keep this up until color shows in the first buds, when all fertilization and cultivation should cease. But water more copiously than ever and see that soil about the plants is kept well wetted to a good depth.

Mums that have been lately planted will need nothing but water and cultivation, without any stimulus if the soil is in good physical condition and rich in plant food. If it is not the mums should not have been placed in it. Other plants that are farther progressed will need staking and tying, and perhaps some robbing of superfluous or abnormal side growths. For, be it remembered, the great development is to take place at the top, so that growth elsewhere serves only to divert vigor from the desired "tip-top" activity. If you wish giant mops of color the earliest plantings will now be ready for the first disbudding. This work requires care or you will knock off all buds.



A CHOICE GROUP OF HOUSE PLANTS.

Seed-sowing Season.

Of all the year there is no better time for seed-sowing than the present. For whether it be seeds of trees, shrubs, vines and creepers, or annuals and perennials, those sown now have a chance to germinate under the stimulus of heat, and later development will progress faster and more vigorously with the cooler days of autumn. Then, too, at that time we will have fine, thrifty plants that will brighten the scene when all else is brown and sere—when "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." It is, too, a good time to plant out those flowering plants produced from early sowings, for the warmest weather will soon have passed.

Autumn Dahlias.

Lucky is the garden owner who has been able to hold dahlia bulbs until now without having them shrink or grow, for they will reward present planting with a fine fall crop of flowers. If this saving of bulbs has not been accomplished there are good plants to be had which have grown from cuttings, confined in pots and await planting only before expansion into sturdy plants, that will yield fine autumn flowers. Dahlias that produced a good early crop may now be cut down and will yield another splendid lot of blossoms before frosts will come to nip them.

Gladiolus Season.

The season of bloom for gladioli is now passing and it has been productive of the very best, for the summer, until of late, has been a cool one and therefore favorable to slow but heavy growth of both flower and foliage. Though nearly all the writer grows are of his own breeding over a period of many years, a few named varieties of many colors are sparingly grown. Of these no finer color may be found than in Burbank's Gigantic. The size is also equal to the largest of any seen. For all of this the real value is low. The plant is weakly in growth, the stems crooked, and but one flower opens each day. Because of lack of vigor it quickly falls a victim to the baffling disease lately prevalent. Burbank has produced better sorts.

Moving Matilija Poppies.

A correspondent complains of inability to transplant clumps of Matilija poppy from one part of the garden to another, and wishes to know how to proceed.

The task is easily accomplished. In late November or December, or earlier if a soaking rain comes, dig holes where you wish to set the plants. Dig out all the roots you can to a clump, just as deep as you may profitably delve, and avoid, as much as possible bruising and breaking them. The tops should first have been cut off at the surface of the soil. Quickly transplant the roots to the new location and water very

heavily. Then leave them alone, unless rains do not come in two or three weeks; then give them a good soaking and leave alone for all time. Give no fertilizer, and do not disturb the roots or cultivate the soil except to keep the weeds out. The plants will not tolerate petting and coddling.

Every autumn, just as rains commence, or when the time arrives for the plant to commence active growth, cut off all the tops close down to the soil and allow a new top to grow. The writer once dug out a single root, growing straight down in the soil, the terminal just about to leaf out at the surface. It was at least a half-inch through

and two feet deep, with no laterals and very few fibrous roots. It was broken off at the lower end at two feet deep, removed to a new location and planted as before. It has now, in three years, produced a veritable thicket ten feet across.

New Lawns.

The present is a good time to tear up that old lawn. Dig the soil up deeply, shake out every little piece of Bermuda grass, allow the soil to dry for a week or two, and turn over occasionally to expose every part to the sun and air.

Then spade in a liberal quantity of well-rotted manure. It cannot be too well rotted or too many times spaded to mix it well with the soil. Also pulverize the soil as much as possible.



The famous Thompson Adjustable Sprinkler Heads for permanent systems can be adjusted to throw any desired spray. In this way you lose no water and can give your lawn just the right amount of water. Save time, trouble and water. Made of brass and zinc. Durable. Cannot corrode. Can't become clogged. Write for illustrated folder, which tells all about these popular heads. THOMPSON MFG. CO., 8th St. and Santa Fe Ave.

ERNEST BRAUNTON,

Landscape Designer and Horticulturist.
231 Franklin St., Los Angeles.

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Don't miss this great mid-summer sale—a rare opportunity to beautify your home and garden at tremendous savings. Those beautiful Radiance Roses, those lovely Dahlias, Palms, Ferns, Boxwoods, Heliotropes, Acacias, Bougainvillea, Begonias, Salvias, Poppies, Columbine, Santolina, Arborvitae, etc., can be secured now at 25 per cent. under regular prices. All sturdy, perfectly grown stock—the finest products of our big nurseries on the Whittier road. Call at our city sales yard back of our big Main-street store and view the superb stock we have on sale. A visit incurs no obligation to buy.

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ROMANCE OF EARLY-DAY GOLD MINING.

Ups and Downs of the Klondike. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Early Fortune Hunters.

HOW THE GOLD WAS DISCOVERED—INDIANS WHO FOUND A FORTUNE—THE LUCKY SWEDS—THE ANTICS OF SWIFT-WATER BILL—OR HOW CUPID WON BY AN EGG—GRAVEL AT \$500 A SHOVELFUL—MINING OF TODAY VERSUS THE PAST—RESTAURANTS, BALOONS AND DANCE HALLS—THE BANKS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

DAWSON (Yukon Territory).—Take a seat with me on top of King Solomon's Dome and listen to the romance of the Klondike. The air is full of its stories, and the truth in them surpasses the wildest dreams of the "Arabian Nights." King Solomon's Dome is the very center of the Klondike gold region. It is a mountain higher than the average peaks of the Alle-

year men were rushing to the Klondike from every direction. They staked out both sides of Bonanza. They laid out claims along Eldorado, Dominion and Hunker Creeks, and dug out gold all along the valley of the Klondike River.

Charlie Anderson's claim was No. 29 Eldorado. It cost him \$600, and the deal was made when he was too drunk to know what he was doing. Anderson was living at Forty Mile at the time, and he had saved this money from his wages as a pick and shovel miner. He bought the mine at night, and when he awoke the next day he cried bitter tears and asked the men, who thought they had swindled him, to take back the claim and give him his money. They refused, and he walked eighty miles to the Klondike and started to work. He found only a hole in the ground, but he thawed and dug eight-

The antics of Charlie Anderson were quite as wild as those of Swift-water Bill. He ran through his money as fast as it came. He was cheated by everyone, and I understand that he is now poor, doing day's work somewhere in the States.

In coming up to Dawson I had a chat with Capt. E. G. Baughman, who commanded the steamer Humboldt, which has plied between Seattle and Skagway since the days of the gold rush. He knew Charlie Anderson well, and told me many stories about him. Said he:

"Anderson was known as the 'Lucky Swede.' He had been at work on a railroad in the States, but was discharged, and that drove him to Alaska. When he struck it rich he took out more than \$200,000 the first year, and during the next four years his claim yielded him almost \$2,000,000."

with me he lived in state, buying all the liquor and cigars that the ship had, and handing them out free to the passengers. His last trip he made in the steerage. He was dead broke. Shortly after we started I saw him, dressed in rough clothes, sitting at the prow of the boat. I went up to him and said: "Well, Charlie, it is different with you from what it was in the past?" He looked up, and his eyes filled with tears. "Yes," said he, "I am going steerage, for I have not enough money to pay for first class." I was sorry for him, and I put him in one of the first cabins and took him home without charge.

Another claim on Eldorado made a fortune for a young secretary of the Y.M.C.A. This man had started mining on Forty-mile Creek, and when gold was discovered near Dawson he left his young wife there and



A \$5700 pan of gold.

ghenias. It rises 3000 feet above Dawson, and I have climbed to its top in an automobile. Standing upon it, I can look over the Klondike Valley and the creeks leading into it, from which almost \$200,000,000 worth of gold has been won, and, turning to the south, I can see the Indian River Valley, where is Dominion Creek, Sulphur Creek and Gold River, and where there is a vast bed of low-grade, gold-bearing earth which they are now preparing to mine. The engineer at the head of the project is John Treadgold. He is washing off the muck with hydraulic giants, and he expects that the sun will so thaw the strata of perpetual ice that he can use a new kind of machine to get out the gold. The average contents of the earth is less than 30 cents' worth of gold to the ton, and the most of this is from twenty to thirty feet down in the frozen conglomerate.

Standing upon the dome, we are in the very center from which radiate the creeks that held the enormous pockets of gold when the discovery was made. There at the west is Bonanza Creek, where, just two decades ago, gold was first found, and, running into it, is Eldorado Creek, where Swift-water Bill Gates and the Lucky Swede, Charlie Anderson, as well as scores of others, made their fortunes about a year later. The man who discovered the gold was George Carmack, a New Englander from North Adams, Mass. He came to Alaska as a laborer and worked on the Seal Islands. He married an Indian, and he had three Indians with him when he was prospecting on the ground just below us. As the story goes, it was one of the Indians who had gone to the creek for some water who saw the gold shining there in the sand. They took up some dirt on the edge of the creek and washed it; and they got \$20 worth of gold within a half hour. Carmack then laid out claims for himself and the three red men, and each claim brought a fortune which all too soon slipped through its owner's fingers.

"Like Wildfire."

The news of the discovery spread like wildfire over the North. It was telegraphed to all parts of the world, and by the next

seen feet further, and the result was a fortune. When he made his first strike the men who sold him his claim were near by. They saw he was panning, and asked, with a sneer, what he had found. He replied: "Ay tank Ay got some gold here," and he showed them his pan. There was \$1400 worth of gold nuggets in it, and the claim eventually yielded between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

Swift-water Bill was a Portuguese, who got his nickname from a story he told of having swum down the rapids of the Yukon on his way to the gold fields. He began his work on the Yukon, some distance below Dawson, as a waiter in an eating-house. One day while serving two miners he heard one tell the other of the gold discovery in the Klondike. He left the order unfilled, and got a dog team and rushed on to Dawson. He was in at the first and picked out a number of claims, including that on Eldorado, which made him a fortune. He was successful for years, but was so dissipated that he ran through the millions he made, and finally left with a stampede to Fairbanks. He had then only 50 cents in his pockets, but he made a second great strike and a fortune. He lost that fortune as well, and is a poor man today.

Eggs a Dollar Apiece.

Speaking of the extravagance of Swift-water Bill, he was the man who cornered the egg-market in Dawson at a dollar per egg. There were 8000 in all, and they cost him more than \$8000. The reason for the corner was his love for Miss Gussie Lamore, a popular and beautiful young lady who had been nicknamed "The Little Klondike Nugget." As the story goes, Swift-water was courting her, but the course of true love was rough, and for a time it seemed as though Bill's cake was all dough. Then he remembered that Gussie doted on eggs, and he prepared for the corner. He slipped about from store to store and bought every egg in the town. He then remarked that if Gussie wanted more eggs she would have to eat out of his hand, or if she stuck to his rival "she sure wouldn't eat no eggs." The result was Gussie succumbed, and so Cupid won by an egg.



A prospector's outfit.



Prospector panning out gold.

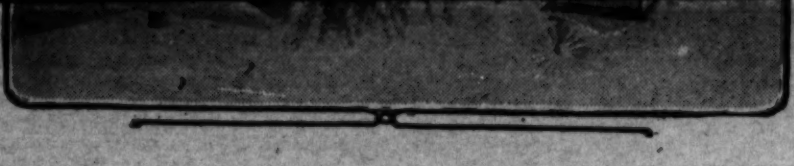


Primitive mining. A snapshot in the valley of the Klondike.

"What did he do with the money?" I came on with the crowd. The first claim he selected was comparatively small, and it had no timber upon it. He wanted logs to build a cabin for himself and wife, and traded his claim for another further down the creek, where the valley was wider, and timber was plentiful. The Y.M.C.A. man then built his cabin, sent for his wife and started to work. When he had thawed the earth to some distance below the surface his wife helped him. He labored down in the mine, and she wound the windlass that drew up the buckets of rocks. Time and again they were in despair, and talked of selling out and going back home. After a while they came to bedrock, and the gold was so rich that the claim paid them about \$2,000,000. The man took his money to Seattle and invested it in real estate. He is now said to be one of the rich men of the West. The claim he first took up turned

Lived Fast. "His claim was then played out. He tried to find others, but failed. In his first trips

In a recent issue the editor of Farm Poultry...
Tells and Combs.
Tells and Combs.
Tells and Combs.



NE of our prominent and successful breeders of Mediterranean and blue ribbon California exhibitors have to win at New York's Madison Square Garden show to make the venture profitable. In more ways than one, that is an elastic question, depending upon a number of factors.

EXHIBITING EAST OF THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Los Angeles Times

Widening Our Markets. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Saturday, August 12, 1916

Don't use a bird in the breeding pen that shows any signs of being knock-kneed.
Don't use a specimen that has a tendency to carry tall the least bit away—a fault defined by the standard as "squirrel tail."
Don't use a bird of doubtful production; vigor, with average good production, is the safe guide.
Don't breed a Brahma whose beak is oval instead of flat, and whose shoulders are angular.
Don't bother with Barred Rocks whose

Don't use in the breeding pen a Houdan that shows "a top-knot" where there should be a handsome crest; nor one with four toes instead of five.
Don't use a Brown Leghorn that is more black than brown; nor one that is yellow or mealy rather than seal brown.
Don't use a male that is dainty at the feed trough; nor one that is not attentive to the hens; service and vigor is what you want.
Don't breed from a Mediterranean male whose wattles are shrunken and small; nor one of any breed whose head appendages are below normal in size.
Don't use a bird in the smooth-legged varieties that has stubs or feathers on shanks, nor one with scant feathering on the feathered-leg sorts.
Don't use a Black Minorca that shows

Better try to prevent the presence of insect foes and diseases than to cure them.
The bird that visits the neighbor's yards, and especially the garden, is invariably a cause of neighborly trouble and acrimonious discussions.
Cool houses and plenty of roosting room are conditions that maintain health, development and productivity.
Did you ever consider that empty and dirty drinking-fountains tend to lessen egg-production?
A daily cleaning out of the droppings is better than a weekly clean-up.
Literally, there is no nonsetting breed of poultry. Broodiness is an elemental characteristic of bird life, more pronounced in the heavy breeds than the lighter ones.

Avoid the caretaker who is not kind and gentle to the hens when with them. The contented one is usually the laying bird.
Sudden changes of feed may lead to trouble, hence the ration should be changed gradually.
To look over the neighbor's fence and note the fine appearance of his birds is to become conscious of the fact that you are not doing the best in the care and management of your own.
It is said that a swinging coop with a slatted bottom will quickly break up broodiness in hens. It surely ought to.
A good dog is a valuable acquisition on the poultry farm, being a delightful companion during the day and a faithful guardian during the night.

How Squirks Beat the Internal Revenue Officers.

BY LEMUEL LAWRENCE DE BRA.

WITH a sudden jerk of his shiny bald head, Mr. Archibald Squirks, wealthy and thrifty cigar manufacturer, swung around and faced his partner.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, flapping his trimming knife into the work-table. "I have it!"
Stump Tobin, the partner, moistened the tip of a freshly-rolled cigar and smoothed the wrapper with awkward fingers. He lumbered to his feet and yawned prodigiously.
"I told you that you'd get something if you didn't quit smoking your own cigars," he drawled.
"No, no!" Archie hastened to say. "I have an idea!"
Stump dramatically fell back a step. His bleached-out, watery eyes widened with feigned astonishment.
"Great heavens, Archie-bawld! How did you ever happen to get one of them things?"
"Don't be frivolous, Stump. This has nothing to do with my head, which is bald, nor yours, which is empty. The point is: I have an idea. You know that diamond pin in Levinaky's store I've had my eyes on for six months?"
"Uh-huh."
"Well, I'm going to buy it—\$15 down, and \$7 a month for ten months."
"Why not pay cash and get it cheaper? You got a lot o' dough."
"Ah!" beamed Archie. "There's where my idea comes in!" He ambled closer to his partner and spoke in a low voice. "The first payment I'll make today; and I'll even that up by cutting down the expense account of our salesmen. Then—"
"But you do something like that every month. That ain't—"
"Wait a minute! The internal revenue tax on cigars, as you know, is \$3 a thousand. Now, Uncle Sammy is rich. I am going to beat him out of the tax on 3500 cigars every month for ten months. That will finish up the installment payments. Thusly will I get my diamond cheap, very cheap."
"Archie-bawld," said Stump Tobin slowly, "that ain't no idea at all. That's a Hell-Lucy-Nation. You'll never wear no diamond. You'll wear handcuffs. For the revenue officers will catch you at your little game and they'll raid the place and seize everything. They'll put a padlock on the door and will nail barrel staves over the windows. Then, when there's a mortgage on your house and you're in jail, then, I say, you'll feel cheap, Archie-bawld, very cheap."
"But we'll fool 'em," persisted Archie. "I know a Chinaman who'll take the 3000 unstamped cigars every day and pay us full price for them. He can do that because he uses them to refill stamped boxes which held brands that sell for 10 and 15 cents. The other 500 we can use in our retail store, distributing a few around in the half-empty boxes every day. As for the government book, leave that to me. I can dope up an internal revenue record so well I believe it myself."
"Very well," sighed Stump Tobin, "go to it. But where do I get in on the deal?"
"Why," grinned Archie, "when I have my diamond all paid for, you can get yourself one the same way. Keep an eye on the place now while I go to Levinaky's and get my pin. Maybe I can get him to let me have it a little cheaper, seeing as to how I am an old man and have nothing."
Without replying, Stump leisurely strolled out of the factory into the retail store, hung his bulky frame upon the stool, and began shaking dice with himself. Archie slipped

into his coat and hat and glided out the door down the street. In a few minutes he returned with a diamond pin in his cravat. He stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, leaned over the counter, and addressed his partner:
"My good man, can you tell me where I can buy a decent, self-respecting cigar?"
Slowly Stump's eyes traveled from the dice box up Archie's vest to the diamond, lingered there a moment, then traveled back.
"Very cheap, Archie-bawld, very cheap," he drawled as he went on rattling the bones.
To keep down expenses, Archie and Stump had made it a practice to work in the factory a few hours every morning. While they rolled wretched tobacco into what they unblushingly termed "cigars," a cheap boy at the retail counter sold "choice brands" at prices which varied according to the appearance of the customer.
It was half past eleven the following morning when Archie arose from his work-table, motioned for Stump to follow him, and led the way into the store. The boy was dismissed.
"Now, Mr. Tobin," said Mr. Archibald Squirks, "my great scheme has begun to commence to start to get ready to go. I have concealed in my pockets twenty-five of our high grade cigars, made of the finest blend of tobacco by skilled workmen in our up-to-date, sanitary, dirtless, dustless, profitless factory. Instead of putting them into a box and pasting on a stamp sold by Uncle Sammy at monopoly prices, I simply distribute them into several half-empty boxes already stamped. There! Uncle Sam will pay for my diamond in tax money he doesn't get. Go to lunch."
Stump shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly and left. When he returned a half-hour later, his face showed considerable agitation.
"Do you know them two guys who just went out?" he demanded.
"I do not!" snorted Archie; "and they don't know a good cigar from a speckled banana. They fumbled over every cigar in the case before they bought one."
"Did they ask any questions?"
"Nope. But what's the matter?"
"That big fellow is Revenue Inspector Jim Mann. The other fellow is another government sleuth. If they've been fooling around that showcase, it means they've got you spotted. They're onto your little game already."
"Rot!" exclaimed Archie; but his face had paled slightly. "They can't get me. They bought a few cigars out of properly stamped boxes. What can they do?"
"I don't know," replied Stump thoughtfully. "I know, however, that it's mighty risky business taking cigars out of the factory premises without paying the government tax on them. You had better be careful."
Notwithstanding this warning, more unstamped cigars were distributed the next morning. When Stump returned from lunch, he asked if the two officers had been in. He was told that they had not.
"Maybe they didn't suspect anything, but—" He broke off abruptly and stared at Archie's cravat. "You've lost the diamond out of your pin!"
Archie whipped the pin out of his tie and stared at it. It was true. The diamond was gone!

"Jeber Socks!" he wailed. "Uncle Sammy's diamond is gone!"
"I saw it in the pin this morning when you came to work," said Stump thoughtfully, but with more curiosity than sympathy. "You must have lost it between the work table and the counter. We will—" But Archie was already on hands and knees searching the floor. They hunted eagerly, then thoughtfully, then frantically. But the diamond was not found.
"Eighty-five dollars gone!" cried Archie miserably. "I am an unlucky dog. I have a great idea. It works out fine. I get the diamond. I fool the government. And then I lose the diamond—Uncle Sammy's diamond. Did you—"
"Shut up!" hissed Stump suddenly. "Here comes them In-fer-nal Revenue men!" Archie promptly subsided. Stump, being the more diplomatic of the two, stepped forward to greet the officers.
The inspectors glanced over the cigars in the case. They looked at each other significantly. The tall man, whom Stump had designated as Inspector Mann, drew back his coat and displayed a star.
"We're Revenue officers," he said crisply. "We are going to look over your stock."
"Welcome, gentlemen, welcome," smiled Stump Tobin. "Have a cigar."
The officers ignored the proffered cigars. "I think we'll take several before we go," said Inspector Mann, coldly.
Before the partners had recovered from that shot, the officer had examined every cigar box and tobacco caddy on the shelves. He turned to the show case, selected five boxes, wrapped them up, and handed the package to Brown.
"I guess that's all, Brown," said he. "We'll take them right to the office. Mr. Tobin, you and Mr. Squirks come right along and—Tut! Tut! You can talk all you want to when we see the Revenue Agent!"
At the Revenue office, a little, round man with steel-gray eyes examined the cigar boxes rapidly. He asked Inspector Mann for a statement of the case.
"We entered their store yesterday noon," said the officer, "and found that a few newly-made cigars had been placed in each of these boxes and—"
"Ho, ho," exploded Archie, half rising from his chair. "You think you're smart, don't you, Mr. Detective? I suppose you examined them stogies with a microscope?"
"Certainly not," flared the officer. "Any fool could see that the cigars originally packed in the box showed where they had been pressed against each other, whereas those you put in yesterday were perfectly round and smooth."
Mr. Archibald Squirks gasped and collapsed weakly back into his chair.
"We pretended to be looking for a satisfactory cigar," continued Inspector Mann. "While fingering them, we marked the boxes with our fingernails and counted the cigars in each box. Today, we returned to their store and found that each of the five boxes contained more cigars than they did yesterday."
"Oh, what a fool I was never to think of that," blundered Archie.
The officers laughed. "Well," said the Revenue Agent, "since you are so frank about it I'll let you off easy." He explained the law. After which, Mr. Archibald Squirks, wealthy and thrifty cigar manufacturer, performed a very painful opera-

tion on his wallet and handed the Agent \$100, the amount of his fine. The Agent returned the seized cigars, and Archie, followed by his partner, started back to their factory.
"Take these with you," said Archie huskily, pushing the package into Stump's hands. "I'm going to see Levinaky about the rest of the payments on the diamond I lost."
Stump was perched on the stool, calmly rattling the bones, when Archie returned, white-faced and trembling.
"Ah, this is a terrible day," he groaned. "I lose my diamond. The Government fines me \$100. And now, Levinaky, when he finds I have lost the gem, makes me fork over every dollar of the amount I still owed."
With an indolent flop of his big paw, Stump rolled out the dice, looked them over leisurely, then raised his face and blinked at his miserable partner.
"That was a great idea you had, Archie-bawld," he droned; "but I had a better one. I brought back those cigars and tore them to pieces. Except the one I'm smoking, I ripped every one up. In the next to the last one, I found this piece of glass."
He drew a small object out of his pocket and showed it to his partner.
"My diamond!" cried Archie joyfully. "Uncle Sammy's diamond has come back. Give it to me, quick!"
"No, I reckon I won't," drawled Stump, as he returned the gem to his pocket. "You dropped it while at work and rolled it up in a cigar. The Government seized the cigars you had smuggled out of the factory. They were returned, not to you personally, but to the firm. Hence, according to the law, the Reviled Statutes, the Doctrine of Nux Vomica, and all others who may be consarned, the diamond is mine because I found it first."
This calm announcement left Mr. Archibald Squirks speechless. Stump Tobin's cigar slowly traveled to the other side of his mouth. Then he dragged out:
"Very cheap, Archie-bawld, very cheap."

Original Sea Serpents.

[Chicago Journal:] The national museum at Washington contains a notable display of the bones of several species of extinct mammals, which, if seen alive in the ocean, would be called huge sea serpents. They were carnivorous and their long, slender jaws were armed with formidable teeth. Although a few remaining individuals of the group may have given actual basis for the sea serpent stories, these extinct animals were not reptiles, but mammals which, like the whale and seal and otter, had happened to evolve in an aquatic environment.

Quite Common.

[Kansas City Journal:] It's strange what interest small boys and girls take in boasting about the possessions of themselves and their families.
Mollie, aged 9, and Nancy, a year younger, were trying to outmatch each other at this game, and Mollie was several points ahead in the contest.
"Oh, you should see my mother's fan!" she boasted, thinking to make her victory complete. "It's lovely—all hand-painted!"
Nancy tossed a scornful head.
"Pooh!" she retorted. "That's nothing. So's our garden fence."

THE DOWN GENTLEMAN AND THE OUTLADY
By Mark Harmon

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FISCAL AFFAIRS.

Industries After the War. Compiled from The Americas.

THE July number of The Americas, the masterly financial and industrial publication issued by the National City Bank of New York, contains a comprehensive survey of our domestic and foreign financial problems.

In the leading article, William S. Kies, vice-president of the bank, writes of "The American Investor and the Opportunity in Foreign Financing." He says:

"The manufacturing industries of the United States are approaching a point where they will soon find it a problem how to make good use of facilities that have been acquired and paid for out of extraordinary profits during the last year and a half of enormously remunerative war business.

"This country was never before in anything like the strong industrial position, as regards well-constructed plants able to turn out great volumes of product, at low unit costs, as now. Many of our best industrial companies handled munitions business, or took contracts for supplying extraordinary amounts of a great variety of supplies called for by the war. They took this temporary business on a wise basis whenever any increase of business of buildings or machinery was necessary, on terms such as to enable them to pay for the increase immediately out of the profits, on the theory that the surplus plant capacity could be 'scrapped' after the abnormal demand was over.

"The earnings of some of these companies have been such as to have permitted the declaration of dividends as high as 40 to 50 per cent. had the profits been distributed to stockholders. But the managements of these companies have pursued a sound, conservative financial policy. They have not declared extravagant dividends but have been content to make small increases in the rate. The large extra profits have been used by them in well-distributed permanent improvements which will hereafter mean a reduction in costs of normal production.

"We have also done something in the way of a permanent expansion of the sales of our manufactured articles abroad, and this expansion of export can be counted upon as a progressive growth. However, the industries and the business community of this nation cannot afford to neglect any opportunity to increase the foreign outlet for its manufactures. With the right kind of co-operative effort between labor, capital and our government, it will not be an impossible undertaking for America to make a foreign market big enough to absorb every pound and every dollar's worth of the full capacity which we have got for virtually no expenditure of the ordinary capital of the country. If the manufacturing and investment public will rise to the opportunity we can not only draw a permanently increased income from what we gained so cheaply, but we can push the national productive ability to a still higher level.

"There has never before been an opportunity such as the present one for leaders of industry and careful investors to utilize the surplus and momentum of a period of high peak business activity in this country in continuation of prosperity."

Industries After the War.

An especially valuable article is one on "What Will Be Required to Rehabilitate Europe's Industries." This is the result, as announced, of a painstaking study of conditions. It is too comprehensive to be adequately quoted, but a few salient features can be presented:

"Europe has before it, when the war ends, a work of hurried rehabilitation of crippled industries on a scale the largeness of which few perhaps realize. There is the war area in France and in Belgium, 19,595 square miles, of which a large part is a metropolitan district of continuous manufacturing city and town; and in the eastern area of conflict are Warsaw, Lodz, Vilna and other cities of considerable manufacturing activity. There are towns to rebuild also, in order to bring the people back to the industries, and there is agriculture and live-stock production, which must be reinstated in order to support a normal reorganization of industry on an economic basis. What will be needed for reconstructing these industries, and how will Europe go about it?

"There are nowhere any data for an exact statement of the amount of machinery, steel construction materials, cement, lumber, etc., that Europe will need, or even of the total amounts of capital represented in the physical plants of the manufacturing industries of the war zone.

"To begin with, several estimates of the war damages to all property in parts of the war zone have appeared from men of some authority in Europe. Henry Maasson, an attorney of Brussels, and said to be an authority, has put the losses of the invasion of Belgium and the first thirty-two days of the war, in Belgium, at a round billion dollars.

"R. Billiard, an economist, stated December 15, 1914: 'Ten billion francs will suffice to reconstruct our cities, our means of transportation, our destroyed factories and to indemnify us for our commercial losses and for those by theft.'

"However, a practical forecast of what Europe is going to do in rehabilitation, and what will be needed for it, is something different from an estimate of war losses based on costs and conditions at the time of the invasion. Conditions and costs have changed. There is likely to be more destruction of buildings. But even if there is not more destruction, it is generally believed by practical men here that the end of the war will find the machinery in factories that have been in German hands of very little further use, if it is there at all. It is common report that what textile machinery in Northern France was found uninjured by the Germans has been removed to Germany. Factories have been turned from ordinary uses to war manufacture. After two years of hard usage without renewals, or of disuse, a very small part of what will be left intact in case of a steady advance of the allies will be fit for anything better than the metal that is in it."

After going extensively into definite details regarding various industries, the writer says:

"It would be easy to count up these demands on the production capacity of Europe and upon its remaining supply of capital, by rough estimates, to well beyond \$5,000,000,000. In attempting to judge how much of the machinery and other industrial reconstruction Europe may try to provide without calling upon American industry every one of these other demands counts for its full value. Every laborer, every tool, every dollar used to rebuild houses or roads, or to rehabilitate agriculture subtracts directly so much from the resources of men, material and capital for quick restoration of the manufacturing industries. It seems reasonable to expect that American industries will be called on to do a very large amount of the rebuilding of factories and railroads. In fact, European business interests expect it to be so and are already making inquiries."

A Birdseye View.

Reviewing the news of international commerce The Americas refers to the economic pact of the allies, the full text of which is published. As remarked editorially, "the document must be read through in its entirety to be appreciated." Three paragraphs are of particular importance:

"... the allies will complete the measures already taken ...

"By making the grant of licenses for export to neutral countries from which export to enemy territories might take place conditional upon the existence in such countries of control organizations approved by the allies; or, in the absence of such organizations, upon special guarantees such as the limitation of the quantities exported, supervision by allied consular officers, etc."

"The allies declare themselves agreed to conserve for the allied countries, before all others, their natural resources during the whole period of commercial, industrial, agricultural and maritime reconstruction, and for this purpose they undertake to establish special arrangements to facilitate the interchange of these resources."

"The allies will devise the measures to be taken jointly or severally for preventing enemy subjects from exercising, in their territories, certain industries or professions which concern national defense or economic independence."

Of China's export commerce it is said:

"The statistics show that the year was

China's record year for exports, in spite of interference with shipping. Demand for silk, tea, natural dyes, antimony and other Chinese products, also higher prices, raised the total of exports. A drop in imports was accounted for by a boycott of Japanese goods and by the fact that, owing to shortage of dyestuffs, colored cottons were not obtainable in usual quantities and at reasonable prices, and as white is the mourning color in China, the undyed materials could not be marketed."

Referring to the "Latin-American Point of View Regarding Mexico," The Americas says:

"The fact is that Latin America has not only a certain amount of Latin sympathy with Mexico, but has its own preconceived policies with which United States intervention in Mexico are prima facie at absolute variance. Another fact is that there is still a persistent misunderstanding of the northern feeling by the South as well as of the southern feeling by the North, and one of the most practical things that could be done for closer relationship would be for us to conduct some kind of comprehensive popular campaign throughout South and Central America to show the people there that it never enters the head of one man in a thousand in this country that we should interfere with Latin-American state sovereignty anywhere. Official speeches will never do it. Scientific congresses do not obtain wide enough publicity. It would have to be something popular and simpatico."

"It would astonish people here, in general, to be told that South American people believe that it is necessary to the security of the sovereignty of their states to have a strong, independent state situated where Mexico is, and to learn that in a congress of Spanish-American representatives of science, literature, etc., held in Spain not long ago, a serious discussion of the necessity of a united Spanish-American spirit to meet aggression from us was held. This was not an official gathering, and any formal anti-American action has been disclaimed by an authority on the subject here, but it all shows the existence of a feeling that is of disadvantage to us."

It is shown that Chile is recovering prosperity.

"Reports from Chile indicate a steady improvement in the business and financial situation. The country is feeling the handicap of shortage of ocean shipping and practical efforts are being made to improve things in this regard. Private lines of ships owned by American interests are arranging increased service. A new company is to enter the field."

"To show that Chilean capital is not idle it is reported that the Compania Sud Americana de Vapores has asked the government to guarantee a loan of 2,500,000 pounds sterling with which it proposes to build eight vessels for fortnightly service between Chile, the United States and Europe. Some national shipbuilding yards have asked the assistance of the government for building vessels up to 3000 tons for coast traffic."

"The Minister of Railways has suggested to the Minister of the Interior, in behalf of the Arica-La Paz Railway, to arrange to have the north-bound and south-bound vessels of the Compania Sud Americana de Vapores meet in the port of Arica instead of Iquique, a move which will greatly facilitate the service by rail to La Paz for passengers."

"A short time ago the Chilean Congress accorded a special subvention to steamers doing service in the southern coast regions and lakes of the country."

The deposits in the savings banks on March 31 last amounted to 69,163,543.03 pesos. At the beginning of July they had increased to 72,779,551.65. The number of accounts on May 6 amounted to 444,093.

In a comprehensive review of conditions in Brazil John H. Allen, vice-president of the National City Bank, says:

"The continued falling off in the revenues of the Brazilian government adds to a sufficiently difficult financial situation for the present administration to handle; although many economies have been put into effect during the past year these scarcely begin to offset in the smallest degree the shrinkage in receipts. Of the income of the national government, 53 per cent. is derived from the customs duties on importations, and the comparatively small importation qualifies the

efforts of the administration in its attempt to make preparation for the payment of the foreign obligations maturing in 1917 and the resumption in that year of the payment of interest on the foreign debt. Some readjustment between the Federal government and the governments of the various States regarding the matter of duties would help the situation considerably, for all export duties in Brazil are for account of the State from which the export is made, while on the other hand all import duties are for account of the Federal government, and at a time like this, when the importations are perhaps 50 per cent. of the normal, the Federal government has an unequal burden placed upon it. Such readjustment would be more to the interests of Brazil than an increase in import duties, which are already so exceedingly high as to make the general cost of living in a city like Rio de Janeiro more than twice that of living in the eastern part of the United States. In fact, not only are the customs duties burdensome, but taxation of all kinds appears to be excessive."

"In contrast with the unsatisfactory condition in the affairs of the Federal government in the general and steady improvement in commercial affairs in Brazil, which show a very noticeable improvement over conditions existing here a year ago. The trade balance of 1915 in favor of Brazil, amounting to some \$131,400,000, bids fair to be exceeded during the current year, creating an enormous purchasing power which will undoubtedly be brought into effect with the close of the European war, thus, by means of revenues from the resulting importation, contributing substantially to the rehabilitation of the finances of the national government. Credit conditions are better, stocks of merchandise are low, merchants report satisfactory settlements of accounts, and the new coffee crop, the backbone of Brazil, while not as large as the preceding crop, will be an excellent one amounting in all to about 12,500,000 bags, and the present credence of the coffee plantations warrants the belief that the following crop, namely that of 1917, will be a record one."

The situation in Cuba is reported in part as follows:

Up to July 1 the total production of the 1915-16 sugar crop in Cuba was 2,857,973 tons, of which 2,134,812 tons had been exported, 47,177 tons consumed in the country and 675,984 tons remaining on hand, grinding operations still being continued by fourteen centrals, principally located in the eastern end of the island. The corresponding figures at the same period in the years 1914 and 1915 were as follows:

Centrals grinding.	Produce, tons.	Exports, tons.	Consumption, tons.	Stock, tons.
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1914	2,452,721	1,825,970	48,059	522,712
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1915	2,344,775	1,648,299	42,141	452,333
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Owing to the dry weather the planting of spring cane was comparatively limited, but extensive acreage is now being prepared, the produce of which, however, will not be available for grinding during the 1916-17 season. Growing cane, owing to the beneficial effect of the recent rains, is progressing favorably. Many new mills are being erected in various parts of the island, and large tracts of land suitable for the cultivation of sugar cane are being put on the market, especially in the Province of Pinar del Rio and also in the eastern end of the island.

High prices continue to prevail for the leaf tobacco of this season's crop, which, although not large in quantity, is of good quality, and as a rule it may be said that the present year has been fairly remunerative to tobacco planters.

The cigar industry, however, is unfortunately not in so prosperous a condition, as exports from June 1 to 15 last fell to 2,943,084 cigars, as compared with 4,388,048 in the corresponding fortnight of 1915.

The pineapple crop this year in Cuba has been below the average, and the pines small, but sound and of good flavor. There has been a noted shortage in the local crop of sweet potatoes, and also of beans. The prospects of the corn crop are also reported to be unfavorable.

In all the principal lines, trade is reported as satisfactory, notwithstanding the increase in prices, especially in foodstuffs, dry goods and hardware. The most notable increase in the price of foodstuffs has been in rice, potatoes, beans and lard. Flour, jerked beef, chick peas and scotch peas have not advanced so much in proportion above the normal prices.

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THE WAVERING OF HER MENTAL ATTITUDE

[Saturday, August 12, 1916]

Illustrated Weekly.

Point of View. By Monica Francis.



St. Paul Pioneer Press



THE END OF A PERFECT YEAR



New York Sun



Philadelphia Star



Chicago Herald



Spokesman-Review



Baltimore American



New York World



El Paso Times

“Poetry.” By Myrtle Danielson.

A Desert Episode. By Jessica Bird.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

THE WAVERING OF HER MENTAL ATTITUDE

Point of View. By Monica Francis.

THE stoics tell us that life is merely our mental attitude toward life, that there is neither grief, pain, sickness nor sorrow unless we recognize it. By the same formula the best of life awaits us, and we need only put on our rose-colored spectacles (horn-rimmed or otherwise) to make it our own. In other words, it is neither fate, circumstance nor providence which guides our destiny. It is "point of view." Let me illustrate.

Every morning at eight-thirty, two doors opened simultaneously, on opposite sides of the street, and two youthful figures emerged, each apparently unconscious of the other, driven by a common impulse, to get to work on time. At the corner they boarded a street car, the girl first, the man following. Sometimes on the car they sat opposite, sometimes beside each other. This had been going on for a year.

That the girl so much as noticed his existence was unsuspected by Bradford. Times without number he had tried to catch her eye, to find an excuse for helping her across the street, on the car, to offer her his paper, anything at all to attract her attention, but without success.

Bradford was 30, clean and well-groomed, a country youth, come to the city to make his mark. He had done well in a business way, but the city had been treating him badly socially. The men he met were either business-men or failures, the women too sophisticated. It was the absence of all things "clitified" about this particular girl (the boarding-house lady, he dubbed her) that attracted him. There was that about her, a certain calm-eyed assurance, a serenity, an apparently unconscious grace, that stood out strangely in the midst of the daily rush and scramble. For instance, for a year now she had never missed the car in the morning, and as she walked quickly to the corner, she seemed to glide rather than to walk, never to hurry.

So every morning Bradford wondered, speculated, wanted to, but didn't dare approach her. He knew she lived in the boarding-house across the street from his apartment, worked in an uptown office, wore rubbers in wet weather, and always remembered her umbrella—the latter to his intense disgust. Altogether she was too self-sufficient, he thought, disheartened. And then a thing happened which changed—well suppose we call it the "point of view."

Editha, on a Monday morning, ran down the boarding-house steps. As she did so, by the merest raising of an eyebrow, she glanced across the street. Contrary to established custom, the bachelor-man (her name for Bradford) failed to appear. She smiled to herself, a little perversely, one might have thought. He would be late then, miss the car for once. Well, what of it—she was tired of his stares!

Editha, of a Tuesday morning, descended the boarding-house steps. Covertly she glanced across the street. No reassuring alarm—no bachelor-man! Perturbed more than she cared to admit, she paused and stared, then caught herself, flushed, and hurried on to the corner.

And now a little concerning Editha. She had come to the city to escape the monotony of life in a small mid-western town, armed with advice, admonitions, tales of girls led astray, betrayed, wronged. Aside from these warnings, a natural refinement kept her from being a part of the jocular camaraderie of the office at Gimbel's, where she was employed. She made a few acquaintances, but no friends. At the boarding-house, in the drab atmosphere of half-concealed poverty and middle-aged failure, she found no companion. Here, rather, her youth made her an object of envy, if not of actual dislike.

Consequently, she was lonely.

So, if the bachelor-man waited each morning for her door to open before venturing forth, Editha too felt a thrill of pleasure as he followed her each day with respectful, longing eyes. The thought of speaking, of encouraging him—and she realized that it needed but a glance to do this—was remote. One couldn't, didn't do such things, especially in the city. Outside of novels, they were attended with the most appalling consequences.

Wednesday morning, slowly, cautiously, hopefully, Editha opened the boarding-house door. Across the street the apartment-house glared menacingly; the door remained closed. It looked unfriendly, Editha thought, like so much that was of the city.

She started on toward the corner. The noisy closing of a door caused her to turn and glance back. The bachelor-man's door! Perhaps—but instead of the bachelor-man's solid six feet, a still more familiar figure came down the steps. She recognized Mr. Morton, who was chief clerk at Gimbel's.

She would be late then, she must hurry. "Good morning, Miss Davenport," said a voice at her elbow. Mr. Morton beamed.

Editha murmured her greeting. She discovered, for the first time, something very likable about Mr. Morton.

He helped her onto the street car, and sat beside her.

"So we're neighbors, Miss Davenport. Strange I hadn't discovered it sooner. Not your usual car, though, is it? Tell you the truth, I'm a bit late myself. Been playing nurse these last few days—my room-mate has a touch of the grip."

Editha stifled an exclamation. Playing nurse? For whom? Perhaps he knew the bachelor-man, and could tell her where he had gone—perhaps, even, the bachelor-man was his room-mate, and was ill!

"Bradford, know him? Fine fellow. A little peevish, I'll admit, poor chap, all alone here though, no one but me to look after him. Why Miss Davenport, I understand we're having the worst epidemic of grip in years. In Philadelphia, they tell me—"

Mr. Morton enlarged upon the grip.

Editha stopped listening. So that was it. The bachelor-man was ill, and lonely. That alone concerned her. She had finally come to admit that she was interested in him, and now he needed her, she was sure of that. Her mental attitude was beginning to waver. Her whole impregnable wall of reserve, so rigidly maintained, was swaying perilously. She wanted, she missed, this man whom she had never spoken to, who had never dared approach her, except with his eyes. And such eyes! Such frank, honest, and rather wistful eyes!

That evening she busied herself about her desk long after the other girls had gone. Alone, finally, with Mr. Morton, she approached him resolutely. Her mind once made up, hesitancy was not of Editha.

"You were telling me about your room-mate, Mr. Bradford, being ill and alone. Mr. Bradford and I are old—that is have known each other for a long time. I was thinking, perhaps, I might be able to do something for him. [A slight pause.] Mr. Morton, will you take me to see him?"

Bradford lay shivering in his cheerless apartment, cheerless as only a man's apartment can be on a winter's day. Outside the snow fell softly, soothingly, but the endless procession of heaven's frozen tears only irritated the sick man. He was fretful. Six o'clock. Where the deuce was old Morton, anyway? He wondered. What could be keeping him so late? A confusion of unrelated thoughts crowded his brain. The city was a bully place in some ways, he mused, but there were many things to be wished for. One couldn't have many friends, for instance, of the sort one liked. There was the girl, for example, living across the street, who snubbed him so regularly and effectively. Well, even a snub was better than nothing, any notice at all from such a girl was better than the open advances of some of them, it seemed to him. Six-fifteen. Where the deuce—

The street door shut with a bang. Morton, of course.

"Lo Morton," called the sick man.

"Lo Brad."

And then a girl's voice floated back to him. What in thunder could old Morton be up to, bringing women to the flat, and tonight, of all nights, when he only wanted an audience to hear his grievances.

"This way, Miss Davenport," said Morton.

The door of Bradford's room opened, and he as quickly ducked under the bedclothes.

In spite of her trepidation, Editha laughed.

"Lady to see you, Brad," said Morton. Cautiously Bradford raised his head. He looked, then sank back and shut his eyes.

"Mortie, old fellow, I've got 'em, and no mistake. Do you see what I see? Why man, you can't. It's —"

"It's I, and I'm real," interrupted Editha. Quite unaffectedly she sat down on the edge of the bed and began talking to him, as the still stupefied Bradford watched her, scarce daring to breathe, lest she vanish.

"I was telling Mr. Morton how long we had known each other," said Editha. "I've been missing you all week, and only learned this morning of your illness, quite by accident."

Morton, pleased beyond measure at Bradford's uncoiled joy, little suspecting this to be their first conversation, withdrew.

Editha went on. "I've been ill and alone here in the city, and I haven't forgotten how it feels to be without friends at such a time. I've done a lot of thinking, this week, and decided that things were all wrong. We've been cheating ourselves and each other, and I have finally come to see how foolish it all is. Besides, I thought I might help —"

The boy leaned forward.

"But—but what," he gasped, "is your name?"

"Editha," said the girl, unblushingly.

"Editha!" Slowly, wonderingly, he repeated the name. "Well mine's Tom," he said. "And to think that now, after all these months, at last we're to be friends! If you only knew how discouraged I've felt, lying here these last few days, gazing at the walls, the carpet, trying to figure out some reason for things in general. Why, I've actually discovered, by careful count, that there are exactly seventeen roses to the row in the carpet, not to mention figures never before discovered or even suspected, in the wall paper! One thing I made up my mind to, though. I decided that I'd speak to you, yes, actually walk up and confront you, the next time I saw you. I meant to take a chance, even if you called the nearest policeman! I'd have gone that far for a word with you; and to think that now you're actually here! Why, girl, I'm simply bowled over. It isn't really you—I don't believe it, that's all!"

"Tom," said Editha, only it took her much longer than one would imagine to say it. "I know you're pretending not to be shocked at what I've done. You're trying to reconcile me with the girl you saw last week. Well, don't. Stop trying. I can't explain what mad impulse brought me here, only I'm not feeling at all upset about it. It seems to me it's the only really natural, easy, right thing I've ever done in my whole life—or at least since I came to live in the city. It's the city, after all, that's built an artificial barrier between us, it's not that we were meant to look with suspicion on others. And don't think that I'm apologizing, or that I'm sorry I came, or anything—I'm simply trying to account for it myself."

A clock in the next room struck the half-hour.

"Gracious, it's dinner-time. I'll be missing the soup!" And then, thinking not so much of the soup as that she had said far too much, Editha departed in haste.

That night Tom Bradford wrote Editha a note, to be delivered the next morning by Morton.

It read:

"Editha girl:

"Your visit was like the coming of a fairy. It restored to me my faith in the world. I won't let you come again, however, because I'm going to do the calling next time."

"Did you really come, though, or am I delirious? Mortie says I am."

"When I am up (and that will be tomorrow) things are going to be different. We are going to make up for lost time. We are going to be very, very happy, Editha, or else I, at least, am going to be miserable. Am I hoping for too much?"

"Oh Editha, you wouldn't, you couldn't have come just out of pity, could you?"

"I can almost hear you reassuring me."

"Good night, dearest."

"TOM."

Over her soup (and, oh, by the way, she wasn't late) Editha, smiled reminiscently, one of those fleeting, tell-tale smiles, so that old Mr. Doollittle, a faded bean, nodded his head knowingly, and Editha, catching his eye, blushed.

Across the street the exultant Tom Bradford was telling the astonished Morton to look for another room-mate, and offering to bet extravagant sums that before summer he

would be taking the mothballs out of his "soup and fish," statements which the slow-witted Morton was unable to reconcile.

The Noisy North.

THE ARCTIC REGION NOT A PLACE OF ALL-PERVADING SILENCE.

BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

The popular idea is that in the far reaches of the Arctic circle there prevails an everlasting, death-like stillness; but those who have spent much time in the Far North assure us that that region is far from being silent, although so little life is manifest for the greater part of the year.

On polar seas the ice, though thick and solid as granite, is hardly ever still. There are tides in the Arctic and these lift and lower the huge ice-fields, causing them to give out all manner of noises. Even as late as November the pack will wake up without warning and pile itself in huge heaps with indescribable crashings, groanings and roarings. Peary speaks of the "rabid roar" of the "tumbling chaos of ice blocks." His Eskimos were terribly frightened and set up weird howlings. The dogs whined and barked, and altogether the noise was terrific. Every Arctic explorer has given similar accounts.

The movements of the ice—the gradual crowding and pressing, bending and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "ice foot"—have given rise to the expression of explorers, "The voices of the ice." It may be that one will hear a low singing, splashing, or grumbling, alternating with various other sounds, cracking and snapping. These sound irregularly from great distances, like a confusion of human voices, the racket of a railway train, or the scurrying of a sledging party. Then, again, the noises are such as to cause the explorer to fancy he hears the steps and voices of various species of animals.

Spring is the noisiest time of the year in the polar seas. McClure, of the Investigator, compared the breaking up of the ice at that season to heavy thunder or the sound of great guns. Another writer likened the sound of the breaking ice floe to that produced by a volcanic eruption.

Moreover, the air in the Arctic regions is seldom absolutely still. Gales are frequent. The winter winds, according to Peary, blow with almost unimaginable fury. One occasion in the cabins of the Roosevelt the sound resembled that of some gigantic power plant, everything vibrating to the pulsation of the machinery. The whole atmosphere was filled with the deep, sullen roar of the wind, and so thick was the cloud of snow picked up and swept forward on the wings of the gale that powerful lamps were invisible ten feet away.

On high ground, such as that of Inner Greenland, the wind is never still. Nansen tells of the constant hiss of the breeze laden with tiny bits of ice, which flowed along knee high like a shining white river glittering in the pale Arctic sunshine.

Nor is there lack of sounds caused by animal life. In the Arctic may often be heard the baying of wolves and the barking of seals, while in the summer the harsh cries of sea-birds echo along the faces of the cliffs.

Smoky Achill.

One of the smokiest places on earth is undoubtedly Achill, off the coast of Mayo, Ireland. A smoky atmosphere is not an unknown thing in any Irish cabin, but in Achill the greater the smoke the higher the satisfaction of the natives, for there smoke means potatoes, and potatoes mean food.

It is to one of the methods of procuring soot that the islander owes the smoky condition of his cabin. Soot he must have, or the potatoes will not grow. In the tilled fields he erects little huts, called "scraw-hogues," formed by "scraws," or sods of heather from the mountains. Within these huts he keeps a fire of peat burning for six weeks or two months, at the end of which period the scraws are, from their continual impregnation with smoke, transformed into soot.

Turf or peat is abundant on the island, and the large fires cost nothing.

THE TRAIL WHICH WAS TOO WELL MARKED.

A Desert Episode. By Jessica Bird.

THE SAVING POWER OF THE GENTLE MUSE.

"Poetry." By Myrtle Danielson.

CONWELL ARBORLEIGH—so his name stood on the pay roll, and after it the deluge of Swansons, Ludivakys, Castuccios and O'Grady's. Such a name should have been the possessor of a stick, a monocle and a silk hat, but alas for Conwell and consistency! the stick terminated in a pick, a candlestick lent the only esthetic touch, and the hat was of rubber, fashioned after a coal-scuttle. Yet think not, gentle reader, that Conwell was without distinction even though he had dragged the weary length of such a name through the underground passages of a hundred mining camps. Conwell was a poet. He sang the praises of Bessie, the purveyor of viands at the boarding-house, in forty-nine stanzas, and the damnation of his shift boss in fifty-three. Bessie was favored with an author's copy, but the shift boss remained in blissful ignorance of the honor done him.

Since poets from Dante down have made no secret of their passions, why hesitate to quote at least the concluding stanza, even though Bessie may blush, and Conwell's rival send up hoots of derision? Oh, yes, he had rivals, but as Conwell himself would say, more of them anon. Now for the poem:

"Putting up lunches is a trade,
And you are the only maid.
I believe that you're true blue,
Damned if I don't propose to you!"

With this declaration, or prophecy, as those most concerned viewed it, Conwell's courtship began. Soon he was putting up a shack on the edge of the camp. Two there were who viewed his activities with jealous eyes. How Bessie regarded them no one knew. True, she smiled upon Conwell often and long, but he was not the only recipient of her sunshine. It was a sauce that sweetened boarding-house dinners for many suffering sinners. (Pegasus! Can't one even mention a poet without invoking the demon of rhyme?)

The two whom mutual suspicion and suffering had drawn together turned from the almost finished house in disgust.

"'Til be a movin' in next," Pritchard said.

"That ain't what interests me. Will she be movin' in's what I wanta know."

"'Eil, why don't yer ask 'er, not me?"

"Well, it's my idea she don't know no more'n us. Portry's got a call for women that just plain language ain't. We gotta admit that, but I don't know that she's willin' to go the limit on just portry, Con not havin' nothing to back it up. Bess is practicaler than most, and maybe this house he thinks is doin' so much for him'll sour her. It's a long ways for her to pack water for one thing, and just the two of them'll have a hell of a time keepin' trails open when the wind commences blowin' them over every night. I ast Con why he built it there on the side of the hill, lookin' like it was just ready to jump off in the gulch, an' what do you think he said?"

"'Eil, I don't know."

"He says: 'Do you 'spose I want every damn red-headed Mick and bloody Cousin Jack trackin' up my nice clean snow?' An' I says: 'If I was Irish, which I ain't, I'd twist your nose till it came off an' then kick you because it came off so easy. But if I worked on you all day I couldn't make you look no worse than now. Your mother an' father did their worst for you an' my worst is no better.' Then he commenced poundin' loud at his old house so ast not to hear no more."

"'Eil, you're like a poet yourself, the way you talk an' talk. If I'd a-been there—"

"Yes, an' you'd had cause to be offensive, but me, I've got no reason to take up rows for you or the Irish, which I would if I was, which I ain't as I said already."

"I 'eard you the first time."

"An' maybe you think I talk a lot, but Con's liable to think I'm a spinks before this winter's over."

"Spinks?"

"Sure, ain't you read about him, an' seen pitchers? Man with a George Washington hat, on the Nile? Folks used to make trips up there to ask him things, but they don't no more because he never gave none of them satisfaction. But as I was sayin' when your ignorance interrupted me, I come from the Liberty Bell in the San Juan country an' I know what a piece of bare hill like that between strips of timber means. An' le' me

tell you, 'round there they don't build no houses in such strips, but there wasn't no poets in San Juan. You just wait till—"

But the rest was drowned in hideous clamor that pierced their ears with a sweetness more gladsome than ever Pan drew from his magic pipes. Bessie had come to the "beanery" door and beat upon a suspended drill with its twin. They galloped up in time to join the supper shift.

Bessie was passing down the aisle between the two long tables as they entered. In her right hand she carried a huge white graniteware bowl of Mexican beans in which sundry chunks of boiled bacon floated; in her left hand was an immense platter loaded with sections of baked squash.

"I'll just take a hunk of that while it's handy," and Bill Morton helped himself to a square as he passed.

"Smarty! Look out!" she cried to Pritchard as he ducked under her arm and straddled the bench to his place beside the poet. The beans came to rest rather suddenly between their places and a geyser of thick brown juice splashed over on the white oil-cloth.

"Beans," the poet murmured, "beans, the mainstay of a miner's life."

"'Eil, yes, we 'as 'em right along."

"I wrote some lines once 'To the Old Bean Pot.' If—"

"Pass the beef down 'ere, Nelson."

"They started out like this—"

"Seen any gravy 'round tonight, Tony?"

Conwell gave up the idea of repeating the ode to the old bean pot and devoted himself to its late contents, not the first nor the last of the poets choked to silence by an unappreciative audience.

In ten minutes the shift had bolted its food and withdrawn. Only Bill Moran, Pritchard and the poet remained. Bessie came in with a clean plate and a cup of very black, very hot coffee. She found an oasis in the desert of dirty dishes and took possession. With deftness born of long practice, she swung her feet over the bench and under the table, leaned her elbow beside her plate, her cheek on her hand, and regarded the three with a weary smile. "Gee, but I'm dog tired. Ought to have two more girls 'stead of the one Mrs. Lewis has been tellin' me about so long." She lowered her voice and glanced toward the kitchen. "Tell you what, I'm not goin' to stand it much longer if she don't git that girl here. There's other places I can—"

"Sure, an' cookin' for one's nowhere near as hard."

"You're right, Bill, an' the pay's nowhere near as good, an' I don't like mixed work. How'd you like to be machine man, mucker, holstman and car-boy all at the same time?"

"I've been 'em all when I was workin' my prospect; yes, an' my own mule, too, but I can't say as I liked it."

"I wrote some lines on 'The Bold Prospector' once," broke in the poet. "They begin like this:

"I sat down by the fireside the paper to peruse,

I was glancin' on the column that is headed minin' news,

And I read about a prospect that had recently been sold

Way up in bleak Alaska for half a million cold;

An' it started me to thinkin' of the danger an' the ills

That beset the bold prospector while alone out in the hills.

"God, bless the bold prospector wherever he may roam,

His luck is hard enough, for he never has a home;

His environments are hardships and danger, too, as well,

While developin' the prospect in the hope that he may sell.

May he tempt the fickle Goddess. May she smile where'er he wills,

To reward him for his efforts while alone out in the hills."

"Ain't that just the truth, now?" Bessie's eyes were alight with admiration. "And such grand language, and a good moral. I like a poem with a good moral an' no rough language. There ain't anything in the world does more good, I bet, than a good moral wrote in elegant language."

"Well, I ain't sayin' portry ain't all right, but it ain't no use. It ain't practical. Now,

Pritchard an' me are both plain men. I might manage a skit now and agin, but I know Pritchard couldn't, but both of us can put in two holes to Con's one, an' do it right along. An' if portry don't help in your business what's the good of it I say."

"'Eil, yes, what's the good of it?"

"I ain't sure but what it's a hindrance, like the other day when Con went to writin' in his stope an' the shift went off an' the cage stopped runnin'. Had to climb out the whole 500 feet, didn't you, Con? Then there's that house of his; nobody but a poet'd build it so far from water."

"Seems you worry a lot about where I build my house. So long as you don't have to carry my water, I guess you better let it be where 'tis."

"Oh, I'll let it be all right. It ain't my business to take care of ever' damn fool 'round the camp, but if you want to keep on writin' good morals in elegant language, you better pull your shack over in the timber. That's all I got to say 'bout it."

Bessie rose and began to gather up the dishes. "You boys better stop rowing and go out of here so I can git my work done. And you, Bill, ought to have more respect for a lady than to cuss before me."

"I ast your pardon, Bess, but I noticed you thought it was purty cute when Con wrote that cussin' poem 'bout you puttin' up lunches."

"Well, I didn't just like it at the start, but there's somethin' called poetic license that makes it all right, but there's no sense in cussin' without rhyme, time or meteor like you do. Now you boys clear out."

Half way to the bunk-house Pritchard stopped Moran until Conwell had gone on. Then: "What's meteor, Bill? I understood the rhyme and time all right, but meteor?"

"That's a kind of fallin' star. Two or three years back a man in Minnesota found one in his field. It was big as the cage, an' blackish, like galena."

"But 'ell, there wasn't nothin' 'bout fallin' stars in that poem. She must of meant somethin' else, Bill."

"That's like enough, but that's what meteors is. I read all about this one that come down in Minnesota. It's goin' to snow tonight and Con's floor'll likely git warped, but what's that to a poet? He can cuss poetic."

It did snow that night and the next and the next, but by the third day Conwell had a tight roof over his floor and began work on the inside.

"A-puttin' in cupboards and fancy jigs like that," Moran told Pritchard scornfully; for he could not keep away from the new house. The cupboards confirmed his suspicions that the shack was not to be a bachelor's establishment.

Now that the house was nearly done Conwell took a long time about the finishing, for Bessie was finding it hard to make up her mind and he had no wish to advertise to the camp that he waited on his lady's pleasure.

Spring came and found two where she had confidently expected one. It is spring's idea of mathematics that one and one make one, so she set to work in her illogical way.

The snow began to go, melting seemingly from the ground upward, and high on the hill above Conwell's house a tiny tree leaned out over a little cliff and let its crown of snow slide off.

On the day that the tree discharged its burden Pritchard and Moran had started for the shack. They had formed the habit of dropping in on Conwell soon after he went to work at the end of the 4 o'clock shift. Their custom was to wander about the house-making crude jokes on the carpentering and even on the carpenter himself. But Conwell kept peace for two reasons; first, because Bessie had asked it; and second, because as his suit prospered (he thought that it did prosper) a kind of contemptuous pity had grown up in his heart for these rivals. Their muddy boots often soiled his "nice clean snow" unchallenged.

That day as they approached the house Pritchard suddenly paused with his hand to his ear. "'Eil of a queer noise," he muttered. While he was speaking the noise had increased a hundredfold in volume.

"Run, fool, run!" Moran shouted and dashed back the way they had come. Pritchard turned, but a mighty wind swept him from his feet before he had taken a

step. The air seemed full of flying particles of glass that stung his face and pierced his clothes. Not ten feet from him the side of the mountain seemed to be sliding down into the gulch. Soon it met the opposite wall and tried frantically to climb it. Falling back upon itself, it jammed down into a solid mass. The tree had chosen the precise moment when the drop of a hat would precipitate an avalanche.

When Pritchard got to his feet he faced a strip of clean bare hillside. Conwell's little house was gone.

Moran came running back red-faced with excitement. "I told you! I told you! Remember?"

By the time they had made their way down into the gulch the whole camp was swarming out toward the slide. The men came first, then the older children, and lastly the women with the smaller youngsters clinging to their skirts and impeding their progress.

Moran began running back and forth over the ice-solid mass shouting out to all who would listen and some who would not: "He's under here, I tell you. He's under here somewhere, Con is. Git a pick. Git a shovel. She ain't deep, 'bout twenty-five feet, I guess. She ain't no slide 'tall, not like we had at Liberty Bell."

Everyone was scurrying about full of a pleased ecstasy of excitement. Everyone talked and no one listened; everyone ordered and on one obeyed until a flying figure charged down the hill upon them, a Valkyrie in a checked blue kitchen apron. It was Bessie.

"Ain't nobody doin' nothin'? Ain't you gon'a do nothin'? O Con, wait. I'll git you out." She fell upon the snow, tearing at it with her bare hands.

The shift boss tried to raise her. "Ain't no use goin' on like that, Bess. There ain't any use. That house had to smash when it hit the side of the gulch if it didn't before."

Bessie threw herself back upon the snow, arms outstretched on either side of her head. The others stood about, very much interested in seeing "how she took it."

"'Eil," Pritchard muttered. "It takes the 'eart hout of me to see 'er go on. It 'urts 'er sore." He turned away, his long nose wrinkling with emotion, then raised a mighty shout: "'E's a-comin'! Looky there! Ain't 'e a-comin'! The son-'a-gun. 'E ain't smashed no'ow."

It was perfectly true. For the second time Conwell had indulged the muse in his stope and had been obliged to climb the ladders to the surface. Now he was coming down the hill, his face expressing no more than a mild curiosity.

Bessie scrambled to her feet. "O Con, you're alive. Where was you? Why wasn't you workin' on the house? It's all smashed and buried, the little cupboards and the patent ironin' board." She began to cry.

Conwell looked at her and for once his soul rose above poetry. "Well, Bess, that house was a good ways from water."

But it was Moran who offered her real comfort. "Bess," he said, "I ast your pardon. Portry is practicaler than I thought. It saved Con's life, dam' if it didn't."

To a Star.

Shine on and on, thou gleaming
Messenger of God!—Each night,
Through bars of steel, I eagerly
Await thy friendly light afar
Off in the sky and as I gaze
Upon thy glittering holiness I
Seem to feel encouragement to
Live anew, to try for higher things,—
I seem to feel a new-born strength
To bear this burden hideous and cruel.
And then to know, when comes the
Day I walk forth free, I am
Prepared for bigger, better things.
And when my own good name,
Attended by prosperity, comes back to me,
I'll not forget thy cheery gleam.
Straight from the throne of God,
That traveled over mountains,
Seas and plains and overcame
Strict discipline, armed guards and
Prison walls, to shine encouragement.
True faith and Godly cheer to me
Within my solitary cell.

JACK WOLF.

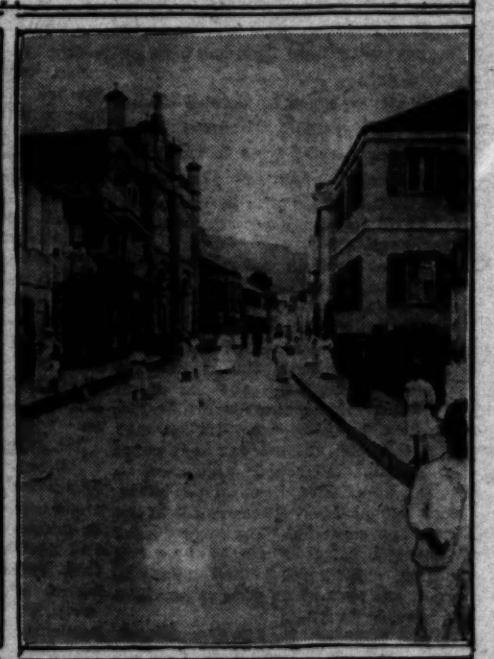
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LAURA TAKES A HAND IN DEVELOPMENTS.
A Real Plot. By Arthur J. Messier.
[Saturday, August 12, 1916.]


Los Angeles Times
Illustrated Weekly.

Present Few Reconstruction Problems. By John Elfreth Watkins.

The only warm-blooded quadrupeds inhabiting the Danish West Indies are the agouti and rat. The former is prized for food by some natives. Its meat is white, tender and very sweet. It is about the size of a rabbit, eats like a squirrel, bristles like a porcupine when angry, and burrows in the ground. Some giant lizards, or iguanas, are also edible. There is an abundance of small lizards and a species of harmless snake. Birds are scarce, owing to the absence of forests. There are also a number of freak pests, notably a worm which bores into the furniture and causes



A street in Charlotte Amalie.



clothes


it to fall to pieces suddenly and unexpectedly; a wood ant, which destroys the framework of houses; a red ant, which bites, not to mention the mosquito, jigger, flea, scorpion, centipede, giant spider and an odorous species of roach.

Since their discovery by Columbus in 1492, some or all of these three islands have been successively under the sovereignty of Spain, England, France, Holland and Denmark.

After taking the pulse of both the Danish government and its subjects in these colonies, Uncle Sam has become assured of two salient facts. Fact No. 1 is that Denmark no longer has any use for these three

- *Summer Comfort.* By Henry P. Combs.

awaits the solving of the problem as to how to pipe it so there may be no danger of broken pipes or connections. Storekeepers from Long Beach send for orders and deliver goods daily, the ice cream man comes along with clockwork regularity, the postman pays his daily visit, the old ocean murmurs in a gentle contralto, or booms in a big bass, and the California sun shines over all. What more could one desire.

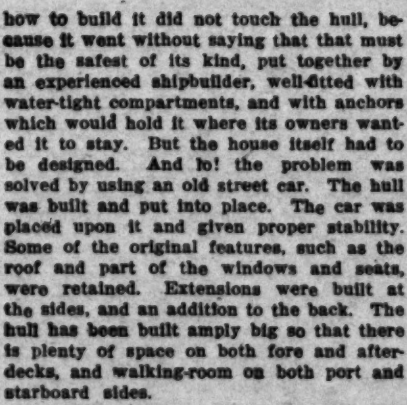


Deodands.

It has been pointed out that, were it customary or possible for the King of Great Britain and Ireland, in times of peace, rigidly to exercise his royal prerogatives, he would, in the course of a few months, become the owner of many vehicles, especially motor cars, that traverse the streets and roads of his kingdom, since he is en-

Interior of houseboat

Here, then, was an ideal place for a houseboat. The problem of what to build and



titled to all deodands. A deodand is "an article which has proved the immediate and accidental occasion of the death of any reasonable creature." This right was for hundreds of years enforced as a means of swelling the royal exchequer and, legally speaking, could still be enforced. If a man were killed by being run over by a vehicle that vehicle and its contents, as well as the horse, became the King's property. The number of "reasonable creatures" (and dogs might be included by some within this category) run over by motors in England would keep the King in automobiles until he would be obliged to construct many garages.

Hawaiians Dying Out.

[Washington Post:] "When Kamehamehame I was on the throne of Hawaii there were upward of 300,000 native Hawaiians in the islands that compose the Hawaiian group; today there are not more than 25,000 native pure bloods," said Judge T. B. Stuart who is on the bench in Hawaii.

"The time will come when the native Hawaiians will become extinct, I fear. At the time of Kamehamehame the Hawaiian owned nearly all the lands of the islands today their holdings are very small. Most of the lands in Hawaii are owned by foreigners, Germans, English, and Americans predominating. The number of Hawaiians who own their own lands is comparatively small. Foreigners have bought up nearly all of the sugar plantations.

"I have never come in contact with a finer race of people than the Hawaiians. They are absolutely honest, and their morality is of a higher standard than any other race in Hawaii. They are a simple, trusting people—I fear, easily imposed upon—and they are intensely loyal to America. This loyalty to the United States is inspiring. I have no doubt that the Hawaiians will contribute their quota of soldiers if we are unfortunate enough to be drawn into a war with Mexico.

"Liliuokalani, the deposed Queen of Hawaii, whose reign ended in 1893, is living a venerable old age in comfort. Her former subjects still worship her. She draws a pension from the Hawaiian government of \$12,000 a year, a good part of which she gives away. Her old friends and many of her former subjects call upon her at her home, where she holds court, still a Queen to the Hawaiians."

ACQUISITION OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES. By John Elfrith Watkins. Los Angeles Times. Saturday, August 12, 1916.

ACQUISITION OF DANISH WEST INDIES.

Los Angeles Times

LAURA TAKES A HAND IN DEVELOPMENTS.

A Real Plot. By Arthur J. Messier.

THE fall in C. & N. copper had reached the point where I must either sell to protect my interest—my all—or go under with the unfortunates who venture in a losing game. All morning there had been a steady decline, and instead of being in the mood to attend the Author's Club luncheon, where I had been invited for the first time, I wanted to be alone. Especially, I wanted to be away from the company of the successful writers who attended these regular affairs; the contrast between them and me was too great.

Besides, I felt I would be ridiculed for dabbling in stocks. Still, I deluded myself into the belief that one must do something hazardous in an effort to set aside a sufficient sum to enable one to cut loose from a salaried position—mine is really a job—so I tried to forget temporarily the C. & N. capers and enter into the spirit of enthusiasm that always prevails where Stansbury, Hall, Vance and a few others choose to meet. Then, too, there was Laura.

The girl had faith in me. She felt that if I came into contact with writers who really sold their stuff, I could not help gathering a few golden bits of information that would set me in the right direction. It was to her diplomacy that was due my invitation on this instance. She was to be there; she had just telephoned me so and made me promise to attend. I could not refuse Laura anything, especially on her birthday.

At the thought of it's being her birthday, my hand instinctively went to my pocket; I had a gold piece. I held it up before me and the motto "In God We Trust" held a peculiar significance just then, so I drew down the top of my desk in determination and actually fled from my office.

At Fagan's there was a pendant that had attracted Laura. She had stopped and admired it only the night before. It was one of those turquoise things that enhance the beauty of her eyes—so I parted with the gold piece and hurried to the Mission Grill.

Fate conspired against me, though, for when I reached the table, Laura and all the others had arrived. She was seated at one end of the table and there were no vacant chairs near her. She gave me an impersonal nod and centered her whole attention upon Langdon, a broker, who sat next to her.

The conversation naturally turned to authorship. Hall dwelt upon a serial he had just finished for a magazine of wide circulation, and Vance was passing around "The Ladder of Emeralds," a string of jewels given him by some Egyptian Princess who had deluded herself into the belief that it was she who had been characterized as the heroine of "The Garden of the Sands," his latest, and already one of the "six best."

The string was really valuable and elicited praise from all as it was being passed around, but I was only partly interested in the thing. What concerned me most just then was trying to decipher what had so peculiarly caused Laura suddenly to transfer her affections. Why, only the night before she had promised to wait until I was "recognized," and here she was actually drawing Langdon on.

Everything he said seemed especially significant—more important than anything I attempted to say. In fact, she did not at all appear to hear anything I said.

"Miss Dufresne tells me you write, Mr. Holt," said Stansbury, turning to me. "What is your specialty?"

I confessed I had no specialty, but that I wrote upon anything that inspired me.

"Don't think me caddish, Mr. Holt, I am not trying to force my viewpoint, but it does seem to me that there is partly where you mistake," ventured Stansbury, kindly leaning toward me as if for a chat. "Don't you believe you should specialize? If you think a moment, you will realize that every successful writer devotes himself to one particular kind of stories. Some specialize in romance; others in adventure; and some succeed with mystery stories. Remember the old saying about serving two masters? It applies in most cases."

I did remember and pondered over what he said for a moment.

"Do you happen to have a story with you?" he encouraged.

I did, and a surge of color mounted to my

cheeks. I felt grotesque; not that I was ashamed of anything I had written, but somehow, I hesitated to hand him my latest rejection.

"I may be able to help you," he suggested diffidently.

The story I had was a three-thousand-word affair and it did not take Stansbury long to read it. To a great extent I was thankful that the others were so engrossed in a discussion about a new magazine that they did not hear us.

"You have condensation well in hand," he commented encouragingly, "but your story lacks plot. Plot is the life of a successful story these days; then comes condensation. Look around you and do not hesitate to make your stories more ploty, even bordering on melodrama. If well done, melodrama is always acceptable—this applies to magazines as well as the stage. The reader likes a story that carries him just beyond what he, himself, can experience. I hope you don't think me presuming?"

I did not think he was presuming. I was glad to have someone point out my defects, and I was about to tell him so when suddenly Vance rose to his feet, looked under his chair, pushed aside empty dishes and napkins and faced us all.

"Why," he hesitated, "I can't find the string of emeralds."

"Strange," put in Langdon, "the jewels were here only a moment ago. They must be on the table, somewhere."

He busied himself, with the others, looking about the table, under napkins, near glasses and under dishes, but the search failed to disclose the missing gems.

"It's peculiar," put in Stansbury. "No one left the room; they were here just a few minutes ago; surely they are only misplaced. Did you look into your pockets, Mr. Vance?"

"I certainly did," he blurted angrily. "Who's got them? Who had them last?"

"Mr. Holt had them when I saw them last," said Langdon casually.

I had only glanced momentarily at the emeralds and passed them on to Stansbury, and I looked to him to say I had, but he, along with the others, only looked at me, rather accusingly, I thought, so I said nothing. I was too astonished to speak.

Langdon turned the contents of his pockets upon the table. The others did likewise, and Laura looked at me quizzically. Stansbury caught her glance and he too looked at me fixedly.

"Come, now," urged Langdon, "the others have turned their pockets; how about yours, Mr. Holt?"

In my haste, at Fagan's, I had not waited for the usual silk-lined box; I had stuffed the pendant into an envelope, sealed it and indited an endearing verse to Laura. The ridicule and mortification that would surely follow the public reading of that inscription loomed before me in greater proportions than the possible sting of temporary suspicion, so I returned their challenging look and did not turn out my pockets.

Laura must have suspected me, for she shrank toward Langdon and clung to his arm while he patted her fingers caressingly.

"Mr. Holt, surely, you must realize the situation," urged Stansbury. "We've all turned our pockets."

"The implication, Mr. Holt," gasped Laura; then her eyes closed and she leaned heavily upon Langdon's arm.

"Mister Holt," I repeated with sarcasm, in a tone meant only for her ear. Her fickleness, her sudden feeling toward Langdon, sickened me. And I had indited verse to that woman!

"The waitress, Mr. Vance; have you questioned them?" asked Stansbury.

"They haven't been in the room since that man had the emeralds," exploded Langdon, pointing at me.

The commotion of loud voices attracted the attention of other people in the room; some left the place; but slowly, respectfully, Lascar, the house detective, came toward us. They all gazed at me. I felt my pocket instinctively and remained silent.

"Well?" persisted Vance, exasperatingly.

"Have him taken in, Vance," advised Langdon, scowling at me.

"Are you going to compel me to have you taken in?" demanded Vance.

Again I remained silent. In fact, I could not answer. This sudden turn of it all was

beyond me. Here I was supposedly among people who had my welfare at heart and were only awaiting the right opportunity to befriend me; when in reality I was made to bear the brunt of someone's guilt. Of course, I might have said something, I might have offered some explanation, but the rankling thought that Laura and Langdon would ridicule me was more than I could bear. Vance scowled at me and Lascar took a step nearer.

"Take him to headquarters!" ordered Vance.

Immediately I was jostled through the doorway and hustled to police headquarters. I did not mind the arrest; there could be no humiliation there. I felt certain "The Ladder of Emeralds" would be found somewhere in the cafe and my accusers would soon be seeking to apologize.

I submitted to the search without protest and answered the booking officer's questions unerringly. From my pockets were taken first the manuscript Stansbury had criticized; then a notebook; pencils; letters; the pendant bought at Fagan's, and, lastly, the officer triumphantly threw "The Ladder of Emeralds" across the police blotter!

I gasped in surprise and the police looked at me sneeringly.

"Caught with the goods," jeered Lascar. "It'll go hard with you!"

I was appalled. I had not put the thing into my pocket. I was positive I had handed it to Stansbury; how, then, had it come into my possession? They shoved me into a dismal cell, locked the door and left me to my own devices.

Here was a situation! I had been invited to luncheon, apparently patronized, then summarily accused and jailed! More, the girl who should have implicitly believed in my innocence was one of my accusers! What could be the motive?

Gradually the solution came to me. She wanted to break the engagement and had conspired with Langdon; she did not have the fortitude to tell me herself; but how had they managed to put the thing in my pocket?

As the afternoon wore on, I tried to get into communication with some of my friends, not only to help me in this case, but to sell my stock. Somehow, no one put in appearance and I despaired. They evidently thought me some vile creature unworthy of consideration—and I had thought my friends many.

In that interim of darkness that preceded the time when I presume the lights are turned on in the jail corridor, the turnkey came to my cell. He peered in, unlocked the door and disappeared as silently as he had come. Then, as if from the shadows, a woman came to my cell.

"Mr. Holt," she whispered, laying a hand on mine. I intuitively withdrew from her.

There was something uncanny about the way she floated into my cell and the heavy veil prevented me from seeing her face.

"It's all arranged," she whispered in an effort to reassure me, "trust me."

"Trust you," I repeated, hardly knowing what else to say.

"Hurry, we have only a few minutes. It's all arranged; there's an automobile outside."

I realized that escape; with this stranger would be a confession of guilt; more, that there would be two charges to answer instead of one; so I told her to go away.

She did go, but a moment later two men came rushing into my cell. Before I had an opportunity to cry out, they had overpowered and gagged me unceremoniously. Then they partly shoved, partly carried, me to the street and tumbled me into the waiting automobile. We were whizzed away before the door was fully closed.

My mind was too confused for thought. I tried to chew away the gag, but it choked and pained me so I left it alone.

After we had ridden for a few minutes, I was blindfolded and the automobile came to a full stop. I was told to walk out. I hesitated. I felt two pairs of strong hands fairly lift me and force me out. I was led a few yards along a cement walk, then up a few steps into a house.

There was music in a distant room, the chatter of many voices, then I felt that a door just to my right had been opened and everything became quiet. The bandage was hastily torn from my eyes and a roar of laughter reverberated around the room. The

lights blinded me for a few seconds, then, dimly, I saw a group of people seated around a table. Their faces became more and more distinct as I became better accustomed to the light.

First, I recognized Laura at one end of the table; there was a vacant chair near her. Then there was Vance, Stansbury, Hall, Langdon—all those present at the infamous luncheon. They were holding their glasses poised and smiling expectantly.

"A toast to our latest recruit," called a voice—it was Langdon's.

I scowled at him; they clinked glasses and touched their lips.

"A toast to Langdon, who made it possible," said someone. "And to Miss Dufresne, who inspired it," rejoined another.

"Drink, Victor," softly whispered Laura, handing me a glass. I looked at her, astonished at the endearing infection in her voice, and again I was due for a shock—she wore the infernal emeralds!

"What does it all mean?" I demanded, bewildered.

"I induced Mr. Langdon to boost your copper stock," said Laura smiling reassuringly. "He worked so hard today that C. & N. is way up. If you sell tomorrow, you will have made enough to quit your position and devote all your time to writing," she added proudly, rather dramatically.

"But why the fall—the accursed emeralds!" I demanded.

"To make you feel a real plot," explained Stansbury. "Write it just as you've felt it—it will sell."

This is it.

Meeting a Shell in the Air.

[Lewis R. Freeman in the August Atlantic:] "The meeting with the shell was merely one of those freak experiences that might happen to any one, or, just as well, never happen at all. It was during the time I am speaking of that the Germans were amusing themselves by a long-distance bombardment of N— with their biggest guns, and we—I had an observation officer along, a chap named K—, whom you may have heard of as a long-distance runner—simply chanced to meander into the path of one shell somewhere about the last quarter of its trajectory. Watching from a distance, you can always see one of these brutes go hurtling along, but this one we only heard—and felt—and it was like two express trains, going in opposite directions, passing at full speed. There was a strange soft sort of buzz, growing into a rushing roar inside of two or three seconds, a blow from a solid wall of air that was like colliding with the side of a house, and then, for two or three minutes, a series of bumps like going over a corduroy road in a springless cart.

"I don't know whether we interfered very much with the course of that shell, but the shell pretty nearly brought our flight to an end then and there. Only the fact that we met the first big rush of air head-on saved us. I wouldn't have had one chance in a thousand of 'correcting' it if it had caught us sideways—and even as it was, the machine, in spite of its seventy-miles-an-hour headway, was stood up on its rudder like a rearing horse." After that first "collision," our fluttering flight down the waks of the '48' was only 'queer,' but withal a different sensation from anything I had ever experienced."

Counting by Hands.

One might be well up in arithmetic and yet be excused if found wanting in a counting match with the natives of Guiana. It might puzzle a good arithmetician to add together the numbers expressed by two men, hand and first finger, and two hands and two fingers.

The Indians of Guiana have a system of numeration of their own, of which the human hand is the basis. They count upon the fingers until five is reached, when they denote the number by a hand.

Six is a hand first finger, and ten becomes two hands. But when twenty is reached a new name is used. Twenty is denoted by a man and forty by two men.

Forty-five would thus be two men and a hand, and forty-six, two men, hand and first finger. It is not a complicated system, but it requires a little practice to use it freely.

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GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

He Was Admitted.

"WHAT is a 'chase in action'?" said the presiding judge of a Nevada court to an applicant for admission to the bar.

"When a man has a right to choose which of two actions he will bring, the one he chooses is the chosen action," was the reply.

"What is the difference between a fee simple and a fee contingent?"

"Why, Judge, I knowed that before I ever looked into a law book. A fee simple is where you gets your fee in cash. A fee contingent is where you takes the case on shares."

"What remedy would you invoke against a tenant for life who insisted on holding over after the expiration of his case."

"I reckon I'd bury him," replied the applicant.

"Are the necessary funeral expenses of a deceased a charge against the estate or against the person ordering the same?"

"Agin either, accordin' to where you can collect 'em," said the applicant. "But I helped Doc Strothers collect his embalmment fee, where there weren't any estate nor no relatives of the deceased in Nevada. The boys in our town found the body of ole Jack Burton on the trail where he drapped. They brought the stiff into the camp. There was two dollars on him, which the boys blew in at the bar of the Fashion saloon. Doc Strothers said he would embalm the body and take a long chance on gettin' his pay from Jack Burton's brother, who was a rich merchant in San Francisco. He doped the remains in fine shape and stood them up in his office in a pine coffin with a glass front. I planned to send them by express to his sorrowin' brother, with the embalmment fee attached C. O. D. But the express company refused to receive the stiff unless their charges were paid in advance. He was too heavy to send by parcel post, so I writ to the brother, and he answered that he had no use for ole Jack, dead or alive, and would pay nothin' and the county could bury him."

"Then I had the front of the box where Jack was stored painted and lettered as follows: 'Within are the remains of John Burton, who died at the camp of Hell's Delight in Nevada. His low-down cuss of a brother, who lives at 2317 Grand St., San Francisco, welched on the embalmment bill, and the stiff is sent for exhibition at the San Francisco Panama-Pacific Exposition. At the close of the exhibition there will be a raffle for the remains, 200 chances at 50 cents a chance. But a ticket and let the winner start a dime museum with ole Jack. I had the coffin with this inscription photographed and sent the photo to the sorrowin' brother. He telegraphed the money to pay all bills with instructions to bury ole Jack without any display. We complied but there was a display funeral all the same. The town turned out and escorted the deceased to the graveyard, singing 'Johnny Comes Marching Home.'"

"Let the applicant be admitted," ruled the judge.—[T. F.]

Merely Business.

A TRAIN in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who ordered the hapless passengers to deliver up all their possessions. One of the latter, however happened to be a pawbroker hailing from New York. When his turn came to part up, he reluctantly drew two hundred from his pocket and, taking four from them, placed the latter in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the robber as he toyed with his revolver. "Mine friend," answered the pawnbroker, "you surely would not refuse me 2 per cent discount on a cash transaction like this?"—[Exchange.]

Rare Breed.

TEDDY is the joy of a North Hill neighborhood, not on account of his ancestry, because Teddy is a dog of varied antecedents, but because he is one of the best-natured and most highly accomplished "purps" imaginable.

To be plain and frank, Teddy is a mongrel and this fact was conveyed to one little boy who urged his father to get him a dog just like him.

The little boy knew Teddy was a mongrel, but his idea of what "mongrel" meant was surprising when revealed to his father.

"What kind of a dog would you like?" the father questioned when he finally consented to make the purchase.

"Just like Teddy."

"But Teddy is a mongrel."

"Yes; that's what I want, too," said the youngster, "a full-blooded mongrel!"—[Youngstown Telegram.]

Nothing Like Preparedness.

AS MARY was clearing the table she remarked shyly to her mistress:

"Please mum, I'm thinking I'll have to give you notice."

"Notice, Mary!" exclaimed the lady of the house, in surprise. "But what for? Why do you want to leave?"

"Oh mum," said Mary, twisting her fingers coyly together, "I'm thinking about getting married!"

"And who is the happy man, may I ask?" questioned the mistress, her interest in a love story promptly roused.

"He—he sits across the chapel from me."

"And what's his name?"

"I don't—don't know!" confessed the maid.

"What! you're surely not engaged to marry a man whose name you don't know?"

"Not exactly engaged, mum," corrected Mary; "but he's been lookin' at me, and I think he'll soon be speakin'!"—[Philadelphia Press.]

In the Mexican Army.

FOR three hours the American Consul in a Mexican town had been sitting in the hotel dining-room. At length the proprietor came to him.

"Pardon, sir," he said, with a low bow, "were you waiting for anything?"

"Yes," replied the Consul. "Yesterday I told Ferdinand, your head waiter, that I would dine here at 6 o'clock. It's now 9 o'clock, and he hasn't appeared yet."

"Ferdinand joined the army early today," the proprietor informed him. "If the senator—"

"Gone, has he? The scoundrel! Why didn't he let me know he was going?"

"More respect, please, senator," protested the Mexican, with dignity. "Ferdinand has won steady promotion and is now a general."—[Philadelphia Press.]

An Ancient Arizona Barrister.

IN A COPY of the Prescott (Ariz.) Miner, printed in 1879 appeared the following advertisement:

"STEPHEN G. MARCON
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER AND
JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Cleans vaults, Whitewashes fences, Cares for gardens, Makes out deeds, Draws contracts in French, Spanish and English, and

PLAYS HELL GENERALLY.
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE ON GOOSE FLAT
GIVE ME A CALL.

"Jack," as he was generally called, made his advent in Prescott by gathering the tomato cans from the rubbish heaps, melting the solder, flattening the cans and converting them into tin roofing material.

He had something more than a smattering of law, and, in a justice court, was an antagonist not to be despised. A bullying lawyer once threatened him in court with personal violence, to be inflicted by the defendant if Jack made any remarks reflecting on the veracity of the attorney.

"For the learned counsel," said Jack, "who speaks for his client as Baalam's ass, spoke for Balzam, I have Story on Sales, and for his client, if he attempts to carry out his threat to 'shoot me up,' I have Colt on revolvers."

And order reigned in the courtroom.—[T. F.]

Still, Virtue May be Its Own Reward.

A NUMBER of lawyers were in the circuit courtroom at Muncie awaiting the arrival of another attorney so they might proceed with the case, when the conversation drifted around to the subject of honesty in public office, the so-called graft trials there being then on the minds of the most of those in the group.

"To illustrate my entire honesty in public office," said Will F. White, "I can and hereby do point with considerable pride to my service as postmaster of Granville, town of about 100 inhabitants, north of Muncie, when I was a mere youth."

"When I retired from that office, with all its emoluments, which then amounted to about 30 cents a day, the postoffice department discovered I had made a mistake in my accounts and had overpaid the government 2 cents. This sum was promptly sent to me by draft."

"What did you do with it?" asked somebody in the company.

"I spent it to obtain my present legal education," replied White.

"Skinned the law college at that," commented Francis Shaw, the court reporter, dryly.—[Indianapolis News.]

Generating Animation.

THE professor was trying to demonstrate a simple experiment in the generation of steam.

"What have I in my hand?" he asked.

"A tin can," came the answer, in concert.

"Very true. Is this can an animate or an inanimate object?"

"Inanimate."

"Exactly. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me how, with this tin can, it is possible to generate a surprising amount of speed and power, almost beyond control?"

One little boy raised his right hand.

"You may answer, Rutherford."

"Tie it to a dog's tail."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A Slight Mistake.

WILLIE was a bright boy and ready to tackle anything that would yield him a living.

He had tried several jobs, but, somehow, he didn't get on in spite of his brightness. But at last he obtained a berth in a book-seller's shop, where he seemed likely to suit.

One day a stranger entered the shop.

"Good morning," he said, in answer to Willie's bright greeting. "I want 'The Letters of Charles Lamb,' please."

"You've made a slight mistake," smiled Willie, ignorant of a book of that name. "The postoffice is just around the corner, Mr. Lamb."—[Kansas City Journal.]

A Warning.

"JOHN! JOHN!" The lady nudged her husband urgently in the ribs.

"Whassit?" he replied, drowsily.

"There's a burglar in the house!"

John roused himself at that.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he asked, indignantly. "Want me to go downstairs and risk being killed?"

"Very well," replied the wife; "if you find out in the morning that someone has been through your pockets, don't blame me!"—[Chicago Blade.]

All Alike.

JUSTINIAN is a lawyer contriv of ours who doesn't send us very many stories, but who makes up for it by sending us good ones when he remembers us at all. This latest concerns a case where the attorney for the defense was well known to the judge who was trying the case. And the attorney for the defense wound up his plea thus:

"My client is no more a crook than I am!"

"The attorney has told no more than the simple truth," said the judge. "The sentence of the court is that the prisoner at the bar serve ten years at hard labor."—[St. Louis Star.]

Just Like Father.

A LESSON in mythology was in progress; the subject for the day was Atlas. Ten minutes before the school closed the teacher devoted to asking questions. This was the time when she generally discovered what a lot of talking it is possible to do without being heard.

"Now, Alice, what did Atlas do?"

"Supported the world on his shoulders, miss," replied Alice, with the calm confidence of a certain knowledge.

"That's right, dear," answered the gratified teacher. "Now, Ellen, if Atlas supported the world what supported Atlas?"

Ellen's knowledge of the male sex was confined to a close observation of her father's habits.

"Please, teacher," she answered, "his wife!"—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"Lickers" Worth While.

"MY PAPA can lick your papa," boasted Johnny, aged 6.

"I don't care; my mamma can lick your mamma," came back Jimmy.

"Both of you make me tired," chimed in Sammy. "My papa and my mamma can both lick me, and the worst part of it is they take turns about doin' it."—[Indianapolis News.]

Means of Identification.

A WILD-EYED, disheveled-looking woman burst into the local police station. "My husband has been threatening to drown himself for some time," she cried, hysterically, "and he's been missing now for two days. I want you to have the canal dragged."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be identified, supposing we find a body?" inquired the inspector.

The woman hesitated, and seemed at a loss for a minute or two. "Then a look of relief slowly overspread her face. "Why, yes," she exclaimed at last; "he's deaf!"—[Argonaut.]

One for the Parson.

PARSON LEWIS, who was not adverse to an occasional toddy, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar one morning. Pat started to work with a will, and found, among the other rubbish, a number of empty bottles. Pat carefully examined each bottle by holding it to the light.

The minister, looking down to see how Pat was getting along with the work, saw him looking through the bottles, and called out:

"They are all dead ones, Pat!"

"Indade, now, are they, sur?" replied the Irishman. "Well, there's wan good thing about it—they all had th' minister wid 'em when they wuz dyin'!"—[Kansas City Star.]

Good Pay, Short Hours.

A CERTAIN house in a western town improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy, good-for-nothing, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir; my son's got a job now," said the smiling old mother. "Gets good money, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time he has to himself."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Partially Answered.

IN THAT part of Kansas where they need rain, certain churches have united to petition for it.

"Didn't I see your husband going to church today?" one Kansas woman inquired of another.

"Yes; he went to ask for rain."

"His faith must be pretty strong."

"Yes, he wore his raincoat, and took his overhaos and oldest umbrella."

"It didn't rain."

"No, but he brought back a much better umbrella than the one he took away."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

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